

NOVEMBER 30, 1917

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SIX Cents

# FAME <sup>AND</sup> FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF  
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

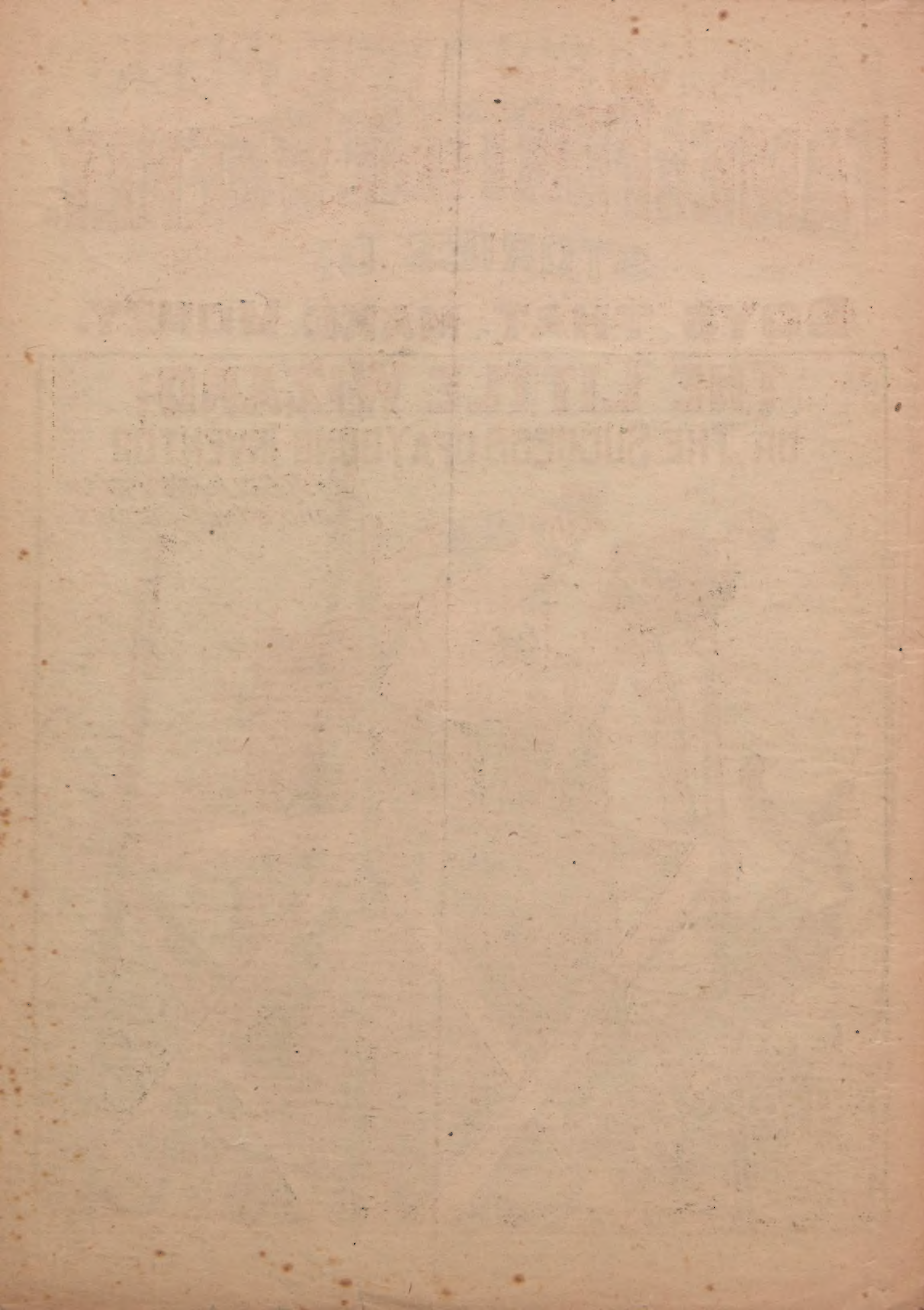
THE LITTLE WIZARD;  
OR, THE SUCCESS OF A YOUNG INVENTOR.

*By A SELF-MADE MAN.  
AND OTHER STORIES*



As Fred turned away from the two men after paying them, Dan Scully gave a sudden push. The boy threw up his arms, grasped wildly at the air and, with a thrilling cry, fell headlong from the scaffolding.







# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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# THE LITTLE WIZARD

—OR—

## THE SUCCESS OF A YOUNG INVENTOR

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE LITTLE WIZARD.

"Upon my word, Fred, you're a wonder!" ejaculated Bob Larkins in a tone of admiration. "I don't wonder the people of this village call you the Little Wizard. By George! You are a wizard for getting up schemes that pan out results."

"Thank you for your commendation, Bob," replied Fred with a gratified look on his handsome, sunburned countenance. "A fellow can't help feeling pleased when he sees that his ideas are appreciated by others."

"How the dickens do you manage to think of all these things you have invented? Your head doesn't seem to be shaped a whole lot different from mine, and yet you are able to dig out of it 'most anything you want."

"Oh, the ideas come to me one way or another without any effort on my part, and in any old place," replied Fred. "Sometimes one strikes me at night after I've turned in and settled down to go to sleep. It comes just like a flash—a kind of inspiration—and I jump up, go to my writing-table and jot the thing down as it unfolds before my mental vision. Then in the morning all I have to do is to read my notes over and it all comes back to me. If I didn't catch it on the fly, as it were, and make those notes, I'd never be able to remember enough about it when I woke up to amount to shucks."

"'Most everything you've turned out has been so blamed simple that I've wondered why they haven't all been thought of a hundred times before and turned to practical use. Look at the burglar-proof window device of yours, a half interest in which you had to give to Squire Parker to get the money to patent it. The Gale Manufacturing Company bought it up before you got the papers from Washington and are selling the thing, I understand, like hot cakes. Your share of the purchase price paid off half of the mortgage on your mother's cottage, and the squire made a fine profit on his small loan. What does the thing amount to, anyway, to look at? You'd think any fool would have thought of such a scheme a hundred years ago. Nothing but a roughened steel wedge which, when shoved strongly into the sides of the upper and lower sashes, makes it impossible to raise or lower either to the slightest extent, even when one or both are open a few inches to permit of ventilation, and cannot be reached by any one from the outside. Why, those wedges knock the spots out of the more expensive devices for a similar purpose on the market. The Gale Company is putting them out at a nickel for a set of four, and I'll bet is coining money out of them."

Fred laughed.

"It was so simple that when I showed the samples to Squire Parker he gave me the laugh. He didn't laugh,

though, when I had given him a practical demonstration of their utility. He thought it over a little while and then agreed to patent it in my name for a half interest. Of course I consented, for I couldn't raise \$75 to save my life. As soon as the patent was applied for somebody connected with a certain publication in New York that is widely circulated among people interested in patents and mechanical problems printed a description of the device with an illustration of the wedge, and in a short time I had the offer from the Gale Company for the exclusive rights. The squire advised me to close with the company, and I did."

"That was certainly the simplest of all your schemes, but none of them is the least bit complicated. Aren't you going to have the rest of them patented? Of course you'll do that with this newfangled combination knife of yours."

"I may have one or two of them patented later on," replied Fred. "It doesn't follow because they look like good schemes that they'll take on the market. That is something that must be considered. No use of wasting \$75 on a device that after it is offered to the public falls as flat as a pancake. I've been told that only about one patent in a hundred is worth putting out. I'm going to apply for a patent on this combination knife right away, and I don't imagine it will be necessary for me to sell a half interest in it, either, to raise the price."

"I should say not," answered Bob. "You ought to make a good thing out of it. Perhaps the Gale Company will take it off your hands at a good figure."

"I'm going to give the company the first chance. The manager told me when the papers were signed for the burglar-proof window clutch that he would be glad to consider anything else in the novelty line that I thought of."

"Then I consider this device as good as sold, for in my opinion it is bound to take. Sixteen useful tools combined in one is a corker, all right, and it's so simple that it'll cost hardly anything to manufacture."

"That is the important consideration, Bob. These things have got to be sold cheap, and at a profit to manufacturer, middle man and dealer, or what's the use of getting them out? The five and ten cent stores of the big cities are the rage now. Everybody goes to them for something of this kind. That means that ten cents is the limit if you want to secure large sales and introduce the goods widely. Under such circumstances the profit can be small to the manufacturer and still make money for him. See the point?"

"Sure."

"Now, the framework of this combination knife can be cut out of a piece of metal and shaped at the same time. The adjustable slide will have to be punched out separately and fixed in place by hand; but that can be done by a kid in no time. The knife-blade will also have to be sharpened by hand. A skilled hand can do that very quickly, as the metal



is thin. When in use a fine flat file will keep the blades always sharp. The pointed scoop at the end of the handle is intended to remove the cores from apples, pears, and such. It will also take the eyes out of potatoes, pineapples, and so on. The top, or broad end of the knife, is intended for a chopper and scraper. It will scale fish very handily. The blade with the adjustable slide may be used for cutting cabbage, or kraut, or slaw; for slicing potatoes in different shapes or paring pineapples, sweet potatoes, carrots, parsnips or turnips, and so forth. The implement will accomplish at least two dozen uses that I know of, and I have no doubt I will think of more by the time I have got it patented."

"I've heard of several kinds of vegetables and fruit parers and corers, but nothing that will do so many things as yours. Are you sure there isn't anything like it on the market?"

"I've secured a list of every practical device on this line from the patent firm in Washington that put through my burglar-proof invention, and I find that this idea will not infringe on any other patent," replied Fred.

"Then you're all right. Say, how came you to think up such a combination tool?"

"This evolved itself by degrees. It did not come all at once like some of the other schemes. I thought of the knife with the adjustable slide first and then I added the other improvements afterwards."

"Well, you're a corker, Fred. Some day you'll make your fortune out of some ridiculously simple device that people when they see it will wonder they never thought of such a thing themselves."

"I wouldn't be surprised. I have heard that great fortunes have been made out of the simplest kind of inventions. Things that everybody wanted and didn't know it till some clever man sprang it on the market, when it went like hot cakes and put the inventor on Easy Street for the rest of his life."

"And enabled his heirs after him to live in clover," laughed Bob.

"Just so."

"If I had your head I'd consider it as good as a gold mine. I suppose you'll soon be shaking your job with Jordan & Jellicot, the contractors. That's a big chimney they're putting up for the new factory down by the river."

"Yes. When finished it will be visible from every part of the valley."

"I guess Greenlawn won't be a village any more after that establishment begins operations. I've heard that the company intends to build houses on its property to accommodate over 500 operatives. That will mean a thousand new residents, not including kids. As I understand that another corporation has secured an option on a big plot of ground on our outskirts for the purpose of establishing a wagon works here I guess we'll soon take our place on the map as a wideawake town instead of the village we are at present."

"That's right. Greenlawn is beginning to expand in downright earnest. I s'pose you saw the statement in the paper that the M. & Q. Railroad has advertised for bids from contractors to build a branch from Cloverdale right into this village."

"Of course I did. It is expected to be finished soon after the new factory is ready for business."

The foregoing conversation between Fred Knowles, playfully dubbed by the editor of the Greenlawn weekly "Standard" as the "Little Wizard," because of his many ingenious inventions, and his particular friend Bob Larkins, took place on Sunday forenoon in the former's workshop, as he styled the small den off his sleeping-room on the second floor of his mother's cottage.

Mrs. Knowles was the widow of a bookkeeper who during the last years of his life was employed in the Greenlawn Bank, of which Squire Parker was the president.

He built his cottage with money largely borrowed from the bank on a five-year mortgage, and died before he had saved much toward paying off the principal, thereby leaving his widow an almost hopeless legacy of debt.

The mortgage had still a year and a half to run, with every prospect of being ultimately foreclosed by the bank, when Fred sold his successful burglar-proof window invention for something more than enough to reduce the mortgage one-half.

He confidently counted on making enough out of his combination knife, as he called it, to not only liquidate the bal-

ance, but place his mother beyond the possibility of want during the rest of her life.

He still had other schemes in embryo out of which he expected to make good money, in the development of which he was taking his time while he put in eight hours a day in the Greenlawn office of Jordan & Jellicot, a Toledo firm of contractors who were building a large factory on the outskirts of the village.

The factory in question was a very important contract, so much so, indeed, that Mr. Jellicot, the junior partner and architect of the firm spent a large part of his time in personally superintending the work.

Fred had secured his position through Squire Parker, who interested himself in his behalf when the job was started nine months before, and the boy so well sustained the good recommendation of the bank president that Mr. Jellicot took quite a fancy to him, and assured him of a permanent place in the service of the firm.

The young inventor, as we may quite properly call him, was the best-known lad in Greenlawn on account of the reputation he had achieved through his successful window device, and being frequently alluded to in the paper as the "Little Wizard."

Nearly all the villagers referred to him now as the Little Wizard, and the nickname which had first been regarded as a joke had gradually come to be considered as a most complimentary appellation, inferring the possession of talents of a superior order.

In fact, Fred was as proud of the title as Napoleon I. was of the "Little Corporal."

After some further talk about the new factory, and the glowing future that seemed to be in store for the village of Greenlawn, Bob Larkins went home to get his dinner, and Fred himself went downstairs fully prepared to do justice to his own when his mother called him to it.

## CHAPTER II.

### A CROOKED SCHEME.

During the next week Bob Larkins told nearly everybody he knew that the Little Wizard had invented a wonderful labor-saving device for the kitchen that was sure to line his pockets with money, but, in accordance with his promise to his friend, he wouldn't explain what the invention aimed to accomplish.

"I think you might tell me," pouted Susan Smith, Bob's steady company. "I'm just dying to know what it is."

"No," replied Bob resolutely, "it wouldn't be fair. I promised not to say anything about it, and I guess my word is as good as my bond."

"I think you're real mean, Bob."

"I can't help what you think, Sue. You ought to be the last to ask me to go back on a friend. You see, he hasn't even applied for a patent on it yet, and if the idea was to leak out somebody else might get hold of it and put in an application ahead of him. That would dish him out of his rights."

"He's very kind to trust you with the secret."

"Sure, he is, and I consider it an honor to enjoy his confidence. If he didn't know I could be relied on he wouldn't have shown me his model nor breathed a word about its merits."

"You say it's a fine thing for the kitchen?"

"Bang up. What it won't do for the cook, short of starting the fire and sweeping the floor, is hardly worth mentioning," said Bob with a chuckle.

"What nonsense! I do wish I knew what it is."

"You'll know just as soon as it is put on the market. I'll gamble on it your mother wouldn't do without it after she gets one for ten times its price if she couldn't get another."

Next day Susan Smith spread the news of Fred Knowles' wonderful, mysterious new invention, which she declared Bob Larkins had assured her was capable of all kinds of stunts in the kitchen, and she was willing to swear that whatever Bob said was so.

Nearly all the men employed on the Jordan & Jellicot contract had been brought from Toledo.

Among them was a low-browed, surly-looking man named Dan Scully, who was employed as a bricklayer.

He lived in one of the small cottages the contractors had built to house their workmen, and the domestic arrange-



ments were looked after by an old woman of sinister aspect, assisted by a very pretty but poorly dressed girl of seventeen years, who was known as Scully's niece.

The girl, whose name was known to be Jessie, was seldom seen outside the whitewashed fence surrounding the cottage, and then always in the elderly woman's company.

She made no friends, for any advances on the part of the other workmen's wives and daughters were discouraged by the old harridan who ruled the roost while Scully was away, and he was away the greater part of his time, for after supper he invariably sought the society of a few kindred spirits in a roadside tavern that bore an unsavory reputation in the village.

He usually returned home around midnight more or less loaded, and as a consequence often turned up late at his job.

As a part of Fred Knowles' duty was to act as time-keeper, and keep tab on the men, he was frequently obliged to dock Scully for lost time.

Scully resented this, and by degrees nursed a strong resentment against the boy.

It was Saturday night of the week following the conversation related in our first chapter.

Scully was seated with one of his boon companions, a dissolute village carpenter named Moses Yarnold, at a table in the public room of the roadside tavern.

His wages had been docked more than usual that week and he was in a bad humor over that fact.

He denounced Fred in no uncertain terms, and found a sympathizing listener in Yarnold, who, having little money to squander on liquor, found it to his interest to keep in with the bricklayer, who was a liberal spender.

"I'd like to get square with the young cub," snarled Scully vindictively.

"Look here, Scully," said Yarnold, after glancing cautiously around, "are you game to help me with a little scheme to get square with him?"

"What is it?" asked the bricklayer with some interest.

"You won't whisper a word about it if I tell you?"

"Me! Of course I won't."

"Well, you've heard that he's somethin' of an inventor, haven't you?"

"I heard he made some money out of a patent for keepin' burglars out of houses, but I didn't reckon it amounted to much. I never knew any lock or catch made yet that could keep a determined housebreaker outside if he wanted to get in."

"They say his window clutch does the trick all right," replied Yarnold. "He couldn't have sold the patent if it wasn't some good."

"What is the thing, and how does it operate?"

Yarnold explained the simplicity and effectiveness of the device.

"Ho!" sniffed Scully. "I don't think nothin' of that. S'pose I wanted to get in at a window where them things were used, do you know how I'd get around 'em?"

"How?"

"I'd cut out one of the panes, reach in my hand and remove 'em."

"That's just what I thought of," replied Yarnold.

"Well, what's this scheme you were goin' to tell me?"

"I saw somethin' in the 'Standard' about a new invention of his which the editor said was goin' to be one of the greatest labor-savin' devices ever used by women in the kitchen."

"What of it?" asked Scully impatiently.

"Well, you see he ain't made no application for a patent on it yet. I was thinkin' if you and me could manage to get into his room when he was out or asleep and steal the model, we could sell it to somebody and make good money out of it. We could both get square with him that way and make a bunch of coin at the same time."

The prospect of securing a wad of money appealed more to Scully than even the thought of revenge.

"Do you think we could do it?" he said eagerly.

"I'm sure we could," replied his companion. "His room is on the second floor in the rear of the house overlookin' the kitchen addition, which is one story. There wouldn't be no trouble climbin' onto the roof of the kitchen, and that would bring us right under his window. As I figger he's got them wedges attached to his sashes, why, we must go provided with a glazier's diamond to cut out one of the panes. When we get into the room we'll dope him with a rag soaked with chloroform. That'll make him sleep sound

enough, I'll warrant. Then we can hunt for that model without fear of interruption."

"When do you think of workin' the job?"

"Some night next week. The sooner we do it the better, I reckon."

### CHAPTER III.

#### SAVED BY A GIRL.

"Fred," said Mr. Baldwin, who was head man in charge at the unfinished factory building at Greenlawn, under the junior partner of the firm, "Mr. Jellicot has just arrived and wants to see you in his room."

It was nine o'clock Monday morning and work on the building had been in full blast for an hour.

"All right, sir," said the boy, and he started for the inner office, where he found the junior partner and one of his assistants standing by a long table covered with blue prints and specifications.

Fred saw that Mr. Jellicot was busy explaining something to the young man alongside of him, so he waited by one of the windows until his boss was at liberty to talk with him.

From the window the boy had a good view of the big chimney in process of erection at the river end of the factory.

It was surrounded by a maze of scaffolding, and on the top platform two men were busily engaged in laying bricks, while two more men could be seen ascending a ladder from a platform below each with a hod of mortar over his shoulder.

Other men with hods were bringing up brick and mortar from the ground to the platform.

While Fred was looking at this scene the young architect left the room with a blue print in his hand and Mr. Jellicot called the boy to his desk.

"I have been looking over your time book and I find that two of the workmen, Scully and Deaseley, have been making a regular practice of getting to work late."

"Yes, sir."

"I mentioned the matter to Mr. Baldwin and he told me that he instructed their foreman on Saturday to warn them that unless they came to work on time hereafter they would be discharged. Now I find by your book that both were late half an hour this morning again."

"That is right, sir."

"Very well. Tell Mr. Baldwin to give you an envelope with a day's pay and a red slip in it for each of the men. Take the envelopes to them at once."

"Yes, sir."

"That is all," and the junior partner turned to his desk. Fred immediately delivered Mr. Jellicot's message to Mr. Baldwin.

That gentleman made no comment, but proceeded to get the envelopes ready.

Inside of five minutes Fred had them in his hand and left the office.

The boy knew that the two men were working at the top of the chimney.

He mounted the first ladder to the lower platform; then the second to the next platform; the third to the third platform, and finally the fourth ladder, which brought him to the breezy top scaffolding where Scully and Deaseley were at work.

They greeted his appearance with an unpleasant stare, for they could not understand what brought him up there.

"I have been instructed by Mr. Jellicot to hand you these," said Fred, handing each man the envelope that bore his name.

"What does this mean?" snarled Scully, tearing his open and taking out the bills and the red ticket.

"It means that you are both discharged for coming late this morning after having been warned by the foreman on Saturday," replied the boy.

"Oh, it does?" replied Scully furiously. "I reckon we're indebted to you for this, you young cub!"

"Me! I had nothing to do with it."

"You lie! You've hounded me ever since I've been on the job. But I'll get even with you if I swing for it."

As Fred turned away from the two men after paying them Dan Scully gave him a sudden push.

The boy threw up his arms, grasped wildly at the air, and with a thrilling cry fell headlong from the scaffolding.



Scully and Deaseley looked down at his swiftly descending body—the former with sullen apathy, the latter with a thrill of horror.

"He'll be killed!" gasped Deaseley.

"What if he is?" sneered Scully indifferently. "Serves him right for comin' up where he wasn't wanted."

They saw Fred strike on a projecting plank which, acting like a springboard, pitched him far out into the air toward the river.

The boy's body turned two somersaults, cleared the edge of the green bank and then struck the water feet foremost and disappeared.

The stream was a swift one and made a sharp turn about a hundred feet from that spot.

"You pushed him off!" said Deaseley as they watched in vain for Fred to come to the surface.

"I didn't do any such thing," replied Scully with an imprecation. "He slipped as he turned to leave and lost his balance."

Deaseley made no reply.

Two or three of the hodcarriers, the man who had been mixing the mortar, and several other workmen were standing on the edge of the bank looking into the water where the boy vanished, and down the river as far as the turn, for some sign of the unfortunate youth, but there wasn't the slightest indication anywhere to show that he had come to the surface after that fearful plunge.

When Fred felt himself pushed off the platform at the top of the uncompleted chimney, and realized that he was falling apparently to his death, he uttered one despairing cry, and then all that followed passed so swiftly that he seemed to lose consciousness, though not entirely.

The shock of striking the water left him dazed and inert, and he made no effort to save himself.

The swift flow of the water carried him quickly down and around the bend of the stream in a brief space of time, then he rose to the surface out of sight of the workmen who had run to the brink of the bank in expectation of seeing him rise to the surface.

He was so completely knocked out by his awful flight through the air, coupled with the gyrations his body had performed before he hit the river, that he was for the time being incapable of striking out for the shore, close as it was at hand, and after taking in some air unconsciously he sank for the second time into the depths.

When he rose again he was quite a distance from the giant chimney, and for the first time he made a feeble effort to save himself.

The stream was too strong for him in his present condition, and with the roar of the eddying water in his ears he was about to sink for the third and last time when the shadow of a small boat loomed above him, and a shapely arm reached down and grasped him by the hair.

His head rose above the water and then one of his arms was seized by a small brown hand.

The hand that gripped his hair let go and seized his other arm, and he was pulled up till his chin came level with the gunwale of the boat, and he looked into the face of the loveliest girl he had ever seen in his life.

Her golden brown hair glinted in the sunshine under a cheap, rusty-looking hat which ill became her.

Her gown itself was a faded black, and at her throat reposed a rusty-looking crape bow that indicated she was in mourning for some one.

The girl's strength was not equal to pulling Fred into the boat, but she held onto him for all she was worth while boat and boy slipped down the stream.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

Supported by the fair stranger, Fred gradually recovered his strength.

"Thanks, miss," he said at length; "I can hold on myself now, so you can let go. It wouldn't do for me to try to get in, for I might upset the boat and dump you into the river. Just take the oars and pull for the shore, which isn't far away, and then I'll be all right."

The girl understood, released her hold on him, seized the oars and soon had the little craft so close to the bank of the river that Fred felt the ground under him.

Still maintaining his hold on the gunwale till the water shoaled to his armpits, he then let go and walked the rest of the way unassisted.

It was an unusually warm July morning, and though Fred was conscious of presenting a drenched appearance, he did not feel particularly uncomfortable in his wet clothes.

As the girl sat shyly looking at him he held out his hand to her.

"You have saved my life, miss, and I am deeply grateful to you," he said, regarding her with a glance of deep admiration.

"I am glad I was able to assist you," she answered with a sweet smile that completely captivated the young inventor.

"You didn't reach me a moment too soon. I was at my last gasp. Had I sunk again I am sure I never would have come up alive. Did you see me fall?"

"No, I didn't see you fall into the water. I caught sight of you floating down the stream, and you looked as if you were drowning, so I rowed right to you, reached over and caught you by the hair. I hope I didn't hurt you."

"Not at all, and it would have made no difference if you had. I suppose my hair was the only part of me you could grab," he said with a smile.

She nodded.

"I had a terrible fall before striking the river, and it seems like a miracle that I even hit the water. I can't understand how I escaped being dashed to pieces on the ground."

"What do you mean?" she asked with a startled look. "Where did you fall from?"

"I fell, or rather I was pushed, from the top platform of that big unfinished chimney yonder."

"You do not mean that!" she ejaculated with staring eyes.

"I do mean it, miss. I was sent up there to pay two men off who had been discharged by Mr. Jellicot for cause. One of them, a rascal named Dan Scully—"

"My uncle!" exclaimed the girl with a frightened look.

"Your uncle!" cried Fred in astonishment. "You don't mean to say that you are a relative of his?"

"I am his niece. My mother was his sister."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear it," replied Fred frankly. "A merciful Providence alone saved him from becoming my murderer, for he pushed me off the platform."

The girl's face assumed a look of horror.

"Why—why did he push you off?"

"In revenge for his discharge. He accused me of being responsible for it, though that is not true. I had nothing whatever to do with the matter. How could I when I am only general office assistant at the works?"

"You are sure that he pushed you?" she asked in a low tone.

"I am positive. However, don't be alarmed; I won't make any charge against him since you have evened up the matter by saving my life."

"You are very kind to say so, but you need not consider me in the matter. Since my father was lost at sea Mr. Scully has never acted toward me as an uncle should. He has treated me most cruelly."

"Cruelly!"

"Yes. I wish I could go away from him; but I dare not."

"Dare not!"

The girl hid her face in her hands and the tears trickled through her fingers.

"He has threatened me with awful things if I dared run away; and to make sure that I wouldn't he has a wicked old woman watch me nearly all the time."

"Great Scott! Is that so? You then are the girl I've heard the workmen speak of as Jessie."

"Yes."

"What is your other name?"

"Drummond."

"My name is Fred Knowles, and I live with my mother in the village. Are you an orphan?"

"Yes. Mother died six years ago in Toledo, where she and I lived. Father only came home occasionally. He was captain and part owner of the ship 'Golden Dream,' of New York. Mother died soon after he came home the last time. Her death nearly killed father, but he bore up as well as he could for my sake. Finally the time came when he had to return to his ship, which was ready to sail for Australia. He intended to take me with him, but my uncle, Mr. Scully, persuaded him that it would be better for me to get the benefit of another two years' schooling, and he suggested that my father leave him enough money for my education."



clothes and support at a first-class boarding-school during the time he expected to be away. My father agreed, but after he left Toledo I was sent to a cheap boarding-school, and but poorly provided for. I was only eleven at the time and did not know that Mr. Scully was not treating me fairly."

"What a rascal!" exclaimed Fred indignantly, greatly interested in the girl's story.

"Wait till you hear all, and then you will understand how even that school, cheap as it was, was a heaven compared to what afterward became, and still is, my lot," went on Jessie, who seemed to take a pleasure in confiding her troubles to the boy whose life she had just saved. "When the news was printed in the papers that the 'Golden Dream' had been lost with all hands somewhere down near Cape Horn, Mr. Scully's attitude toward me suddenly changed for the worse. Indeed, by that time he was greatly altered for the worse himself. With a portion of the money he got from my father he had taken a low sailors' lodging-house, called the 'Mariners' Snug Harbor,' situated on the Toledo river-front. He took me from the school, brought me down to his lodging-house, placed me under the eye of the horrible old woman who lives with us now at the cottage, and forced me to go to work in a factory. That was five years ago, when I was only twelve years old."

"My gracious!" ejaculated Fred, clenching his fists as if he would like to have had it out with Scully in the girl's behalf.

"Things became worse and worse with Mr. Scully, and so they became worse with me," continued Jessie. "The lodging-house went to ruin by degrees, as such custom as Mr. Scully had left. On account of free fights there and for other reasons the place was raided by the police several times, but the old woman, whose name is Meiggs, managed to carry me off into an adjoining house, and I was saved the added disgrace of being taken into a police court a prisoner. Although arrested a number of times, and more than once on a serious charge, Mr. Scully always managed to get discharged through the intervention of a lawyer named Noah Parsons, who is even a greater villain in my opinion than he is. But he has what is called a political pull, and he used it to save Mr. Scully."

"Yes, I know what a political pull is," nodded Fred. "Go on."

"That's how I have spent the last five years of my life," went on the girl in tearful tones. "Three months ago a man was stabbed in the lodging-house. Mr. Scully maintains that Noah Parsons did the job, for he was frequently at our place, and I believe was hand-in-glove with my uncle in many bits of villainy. In order to save himself from suspicion the lawyer induced Mr. Scully to leave Toledo that night. His object, no doubt, was to make it appear that my uncle, whose reputation with the police is bad, was the guilty person. At any rate, Mr. Scully did not dare go contrary to the lawyer's wishes, so he left. A week later Mr. Parsons called at the lodging-house, which had been left in charge of Dick Fitch, a young man who assisted my uncle in running the place, handed some money to Mother Meiggs, and told her to come here with me. We found Mr. Scully working at his trade of bricklayer for Jordan & Jellicot, Toledo contractors, and here we have been ever since. Now that you say my uncle has been discharged from their employ, I know not what our next move will be."

"Gee! You've had a fierce time of it with your rascally uncle," said Fred. "You ought to leave him and the old woman and ask the law to protect you."

"I wish I dared," replied Jessie wistfully.

"Will you let me interfere in your behalf? I'll speak to both Mr. Jellicot and Mr. Parker, the president of the village bank. I'll threaten Scully with arrest for attempting to murder me unless he lets you alone hereafter. You shall come and live with mother and me. She will care for and love you as a daughter, for, remember, you saved my life, and that will be the best introduction you could have to her. What do you say?"

"You are very good, Mr. Knowles," replied Jessie, flashing a grateful look into his face. "I scarcely know how to thank you for your kind offer. I haven't a real friend in the world—not a single soul that cares for me—and I long to have one in whom I could trust."

"Don't you think you could trust me?"

"Yes, yes; I'm sure I could. You seem so good and nice."

"You seem to have formed a very good opinion of me."

Miss Drummond," laughed Fred. "If you will give me the chance I shall endeavor to deserve it."

She looked down and the color mounted to her cheeks. "I will say that I have formed a similar opinion of you," went on Fred. "I think you the nicest girl I have ever met."

"Oh, you can't mean that," replied Jessie with a still deeper blush. "You must know a great many girls a deal nicer than me. Think how I have been brought up in the last few years."

"That very fact only adds to the admiration I feel for you. Were you not a good and honest girl at heart such a life as you have been compelled to live during the past five years, as you have described it to me, would have ruined you. You have stood the test nobly, and are worth a thousand girls who have been reared within the protecting limits of their own homes. I am greatly interested in you, Miss Drummond, and I beg, for your own sake, that you will let me protect you from your rascally relative, who, if he ever had any claim on you, has forfeited it long ago by the cruel way he has treated you."

The girl made no reply.

It was evident that she stood in mortal fear of her uncle and the old harridan appointed to watch her.

Five years of their control had broken her spirit of resistance, and she dared not call her soul her own.

"I am going home to change my clothes," said Fred. "Won't you come with me? Won't you let me be your brother and protector? Won't you be a daughter to my mother, and let her make up to you the love and comforts of a true home which you have been so long deprived of?"

His appeal was not without its effect.

She had taken an instant liking to Fred from the moment she first looked upon his face as she drew it out of the river.

She felt that she could trust and love him with all her heart, for his voice sounded gentle and kind to her, and she read sincere sympathy for her in his eyes.

But between her and this boy came the phantom faces of Dan Scully and Mother Meiggs, and she shivered with apprehension.

"Come," said Fred, extending his hand to her.

She raised her eyes to his.

The look he bent upon her was irresistible.

She rose mechanically, held out her hand and was about to step ashore when a slatternly-looking old woman with a wicked face rushed out of the bushes and darted, with uncommon agility for one of her age, between them.

With a stifled cry of fear Jessie fell back on the seat and covered her face with her hands, for the intruder was Mother Meiggs.

## CHAPTER V.

### ADRIFT.

"Hi!" screamed the hag in discordant and angry tones. "How dare yer waste yer time talkin' to a stranger, miss? A pretty how-d'ye-do this is! What will Mr. Scully say when he hears about it? If he doesn't beat yer or order me to do it, it will be a wonder. Go about your business, boy. We don't want yer."

"Leave that young lady alone, you old cat!" replied Fred in a resolute tone.

Clearly he was not the least afraid of Mother Meiggs, as bad as she looked.

"Old cat, is it!" screeched the harridan. "I'll tear yer eyes out."

"I don't think you will. If you don't make yourself scarce I'll throw you into the river. Miss Drummond is now under my protection."

He advanced and seized Mother Meiggs by one of her wrists.

His grip was like steel, and she struggled and bit and kicked at him in vain, while he held her off at arm's reach.

She filled the air with her cries, but Fred minded her wrath not a bit.

Flinging her aside, he held out his hand to the terrified Jessie.

"Come with me. Don't mind that old hag," he said.

His prowess against the old woman filled her with admiration, and she rose again.

At that interesting juncture two other persons appeared on the scene.

They were Dan Scully and Moses Yarnold.



"Alive!" gasped Scully as his eyes rested on Fred.

"Yes, you scoundrel, I am very much alive. Your attempt to murder me failed."

"You're a liar. You slipped off the scaffold yourself."

"I know better; but I'm not going to argue the matter with you. I want nothing more to say to you."

At this point Mother Meiggs chipped in with an explanation of the circumstances as they appeared to her.

Scully glared at Fred and uttered a string of invectives.

"You take charge of my niece! Well, I guess not. Get away from here or I'll fix you for keeps this time!" he roared.

Fred was not intimidated.

"I'll go, but Jessie Drummond goes with me," he replied resolutely.

"Well, I guess not! I'm her uncle and guardian. What right have you to butt in?"

"The right that any man or boy has to protect the innocent and wronged."

"You're a fine knight-errant!" sneered Scully malevolently. "If I lay my hands on you there won't be enough of you left to give an undertaker a job."

"I've no doubt you're capable of any villainy; but we're not in the slums of Toledo now, and I don't fancy you can do as you are accustomed to here."

"I can do enough whether we're in Toledo or not. I see the girl has been blabbin', and I reckon I'll have to learn her another lesson. Drag her out of the boat and take her home, Meiggs," he said to the hag.

The woman, with a chuckle of satisfaction, started to obey.

Fred immediately sprang between the harridan and the boat, jumped in and picking up an oar gave the little craft a shove.

Mother Meiggs uttered a screech and jumped at the oar like a cat.

As her claws fastened about it Fred, in an effort to shake her off, pulled her into the water.

Scully, with a terrible imprecation, dashed into the water after the fugitives.

He would have been too late but for Mother Meiggs' clutch on the oar, which stopped the progress of the craft and gave the rascal time to seize the gunwale.

Fred in desperation dropped the first oar, seized the other, and struck Scully on the shoulder with it.

Scully was no chicken, and the blow only served to make him more furious.

To make matters worse for Fred, Yarnold ran up and grabbing the trailing painter pulled the boat's bow to the shore.

During it all Jessie cowered down in the stern of the boat, much concerned about the safety of her brave young champion as well as herself.

Before Fred could strike Scully again the rascal seized him by the arms and jerked him down on his knees.

"Take the girl from the boat, Yarnold," he cried, holding the boy in a vise-like grasp.

Jessie screamed as the village carpenter proceeded to do Scully's bidding, and Fred struggled desperately to get free that he might aid her.

Yarnold seized Jessie in his arms and, despite her resistance, carried her to the shore, where the dripping hag grabbed her by the arm and started to drag her, screaming, away.

Fred tore one hand loose and smashed Scully in the eye.

With a snarl the rascal threw him on his back in the bottom of the boat, and then laying hold of the bow of the little craft, shoved it off into the stream.

The young inventor regained his feet in time to see the last of Jessie, as she was dragged off by Mother Meiggs, while Scully and Yarnold stood on the shore gazing at him with triumphant satisfaction.

His discomfiture was completed when he saw that both oars were gone, and he was drifting down the stream at the mercy of the tide.

A mile down the river there was a creek where the village boys were accustomed to fish when they were in the humor to indulge in that sport.

As the boat in which Fred sat in disconsolate inactivity approached the creek, he saw several boys perched upon the remains of a small wharf close to the river with their lines in the water.

He was close enough to the bank to recognize one of them as his friend Larkins.

Springing on his feet, he shouted: "Hi! hi! hi! Bob! Oh, Bob!"

Bob and the other boys looked in the direction of the hail and they saw the Little Wizard in the boat, floating down the stream.

"Hello, Fred! That you?" answered Bob. "Where are you going?"

"Nowhere. I'm adrift without oars. Can't you fellows do something to get me ashore?" returned Fred.

His reply surprised Bob and his associates.

They all jumped up at once and looked out at him.

Bob started off along the bank on the run to keep pace with the boat.

He knew where there was a skiff beached a short distance below, but he wasn't sure there were any oars in her.

At length he came in sight of the little boat and soon reached her.

The blades of a pair of oars were peeping over her bows.

To unmoor the boat and push off into the river was the work of but a few moments for the sturdy Bob.

He seized the oars and rowed out lustily to his friend's rescue.

Inside of five minutes he was alongside of Bob's boat.

"How did you get into this scrape, Fred?" he asked.

"Oh, it's quite a story," replied Fred, as with the painter in his hand he stepped into the skiff and sat down in the stern.

While Bob pulled for the shore Fred began to tell him all about the stirring events he had passed through that morning, from his fall from the top of the unfinished chimney to his rescue by Jessie Drummond and his scrap with the Scully crowd that ended in his discomfiture.

The boys reached the bank long before Fred had finished, and they sat in the skiff until he did.

Bob was astounded at the recital.

"Heavens! What a narrow escape you had, Fred."

"Yes, I had a close call. What puzzles me is how I came to reach the river. It is a dozen yards from the base of the chimney, and it seemed to me as if I fell straight down. I don't see how I could fall any other way. If I had wings I might understand how I unconsciously covered the distance between the chimney and the water; but as I haven't, the thing is a mystery to me."

It was not until Fred afterward heard how his body had rebounded from the board, which had a certain amount of spring to it, that he understood to what agency he owed his life that fateful morning.

Then they got to talking about the girl as they walked back toward the creek.

"I must hurry to my house, change my clothes and then see Squire Parker about having Scully arrested. I don't suppose I'll be able to prove anything against him, but it will enable me to show that he isn't the proper person to control the actions of his niece, and when she tells her story to the squire I am satisfied he will help her to get away from her unnatural relative and that wicked old hag."

Bob agreed with him, and when they reached the creek and he had wound up his fishing-line, both boys started for the village at a rapid pace.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE LITTLE WIZARD CREATES A SENSATION.

"I'll bet the whole village has heard by this time that you fell off the top scaffolding of the big chimney into the river," said Bob as they hurried along.

"I wouldn't be surprised. Bad news always travels fast. All I'm afraid is that some busybody, or perhaps a hand from the works, has carried the news of my supposed death to my mother," said Fred with a sober face. "I hate to think what effect such a shock would have on her."

"How long is it since you took your tumble?"

"About an hour, I should think."

"Every girl in the village would go into mourning if you turned up your toes," laughed Bob.

"I guess not so bad as that."

"Well, you seem to be the whole thing with most of them. I'll bet Sue Smith would shake me in a moment if she thought she could capture you."

"Don't worry. There is no danger of such a thing happening."

"This morning's adventure of yours is going to put the noses of all the girls out of joint," chuckled Bob.

"How so?" asked Fred, in surprise.



"I'll wager you've met your affinity in Jessie Drummond."

"Oh, bosh!" replied Fred, but his face grew very red.

Bob laughed.

"You told me that she's the loveliest girl you ever met, and the best."

"Well, she is," admitted Fred. "I won't go back on what I said. She's one girl in a thousand."

"Then she's the girl for you. Besides, she saved your life, and that, with her many charms and other attractions, gives her the inner track with you. Say, if she goes to live at your house every girl in the village will be her mortal enemy; and what they won't be willing to do to her is hardly worth mentioning."

"Oh, cut it out, Bob. There are plenty of fellows as good as me in this place."

"The girls don't think so. Every one of them is laying wires to capture the Little Wizard, because they figure you're going to make your fortune as an inventor."

"You seem to know a whole about it."

"I do. Sue Smith hears everything that's going and passes it on to me. She's dead onto the game, and her only sorrow is that she can't get in herself and win. She had the nerve to tell me that she'd like to marry you if only to make every other girl in the village jealous. What do you think of that?"

"She was only trying to make you jealous so you'd think more of her."

"It didn't work if she was."

It was evident that the news of the Little Wizard's mishap had reached the village for soon after the boys entered the place a man driving a wagon reined in and shouted:

"Hello, Knowles! I heard you fell from the big factory chimney and was drowned in the river."

"I fell, all right, but I wasn't drowned," replied Fred, hurrying on.

"You look as if you'd been in the water, with all your clothes on," said the driver, keeping pace with them. "How did it happen?"

"Can't explain anything now. I'm in a rush to get home," said Fred as he and Bob turned off down a side street that led to both their homes.

When they crossed Main street just above the office of the weekly "Standard" they saw a crowd reading something pasted up on the window.

"Gee! I'll bet Saxe has a bulletin up with the news of your tragic death on it," said Bob with a chuckle. "I wouldn't be surprised if he had an extra on the press this minute."

"Oh, you get out," replied Fred. "Who ever heard of Saxe getting out an extra about anything? He wouldn't do it if Squire Parker dropped dead in his office."

"You forget that the Little Wizard is a person of some importance in this place. Look at the notice you got last week."

"That was because you told everybody I had invented a wonderful kitchen device that was going to revolutionize the household. Didn't you promise not to say anything about it?"

"Oh, I didn't say what it was. I put it up to the village to figure that out. I'll bet there isn't a woman in this burg but is wondering what kind of a useful article it is. All they know is that it's a labor saver, and that is what they're looking for every time. If I had your head I'd try to think up some mechanical idea that would do all the kitchen work and let the housekeeper sit in the parlor and play on the piano," laughed Bob.

"Yes, I know you'd do a whole lot, Bob, if you could."

In a few minutes Fred rushed into his home.

The worst he had feared had come to pass.

Several women, all of whom had been eager to be the first to break the news to Mrs. Knowles, were in the house, and were busy resuscitating Fred's mother from the swoon they had thrown her into by telling her that her only son had fallen from the big chimney and was drowned in the river.

Fred's unexpected appearance created a panic among them.

They thought it was his ghost which had appeared on the scene.

Two fell into fits, another fainted dead away, and the rest gazed at him in dismay.

"Mother, mother, I'm all right!" cried the boy, rushing to her side and taking her in his arms.

Mrs. Knowles opened her eyes, gave a cry of joy and folded him to her heart.

The women afterwards declared that it was the most beautiful tableau they had ever looked at.

Fred was mighty angry at the bunch, and refused to make any explanations before them.

He asked them to leave as politely as he could, and as they wished to spread the news of the Little Wizard's return to life they hurried off, rather disappointed because they couldn't carry the particulars with them.

Fred told his mother all that had happened to him, and then went to his room to change his clothes.

He then hurried away to the bank to see Squire Parker about Scully and Jessie Drummond.

Passing the "Standard" office, he saw the poster in the window announcing his death, as Bob had intimated.

He was immediately recognized and surrounded by an excited crowd.

The people wanted to know why he was reported dead when it was evident that he wasn't.

"No time to talk," replied the young inventor. "Go in and tell Mr. Saxe that he's got a false alarm in his window."

Three minutes later the poster came down.

By that time Fred was in the bank asking for Squire Parker.

He was shown inside by the porter, who said he had heard that he had fallen from the factory chimney into the river.

"You heard right, but you see I'm not dead," laughed Fred.

"You don't look much like a corpse," chuckled the porter, opening the door of the president's office.

"Why, Fred!" exclaimed the squire, jumping up and grasping the boy's hand. "I heard—"

"That I fell from the chimney a while ago and that my body is in the river," interrupted Fred. "Well, it's true except the latter part. My body is right here, as you can see."

"Sit down and tell me all about it," said the banker.

So Fred sat down and narrated everything to him.

The squire congratulated him on his good luck.

"That Scully is a scoundrel and must be arrested," he said.

"How am I going to prove the crime against him unless Deaseley becomes a witness on my side?"

"Deaseley must be seen about the matter."

"If he's a friend of Scully's I can't count on him as a witness."

"I will see that Tibbetts"—that was the head constable of Greenlawn—"questions him closely," said the squire. "The first thing is to issue a warrant for Scully. I will do that at once and send it around to the constable by the porter of the bank."

"I want his housekeeper, Mrs. Meiggs, arrested, too; and brought into court with Jessie Drummond, Scully's niece. She must be rescued from those people. She saved my life, and mother is going to give her a home with us."

The squire said he would include the three in the warrant so as to have them all brought before him that afternoon at his law office, where he held court when it was necessary for him to do so.

Fred said he would be present, and then started back for the scene of his narrow escape.

His appearance was greeted with cries of astonishment from the men.

He was surrounded and asked to explain how he had escaped.

He told them in a few words, and then ran into the office.

No one was there, and he knocked on Mr. Jellicot's door.

"Come in," said the junior partner.

Fred entered the room and found Mr. Jellicot and Mr. Baldwin talking at the desk.

"My heavens!" exclaimed Baldwin, jumping up. "Is that you, Fred? How did you escape from the river?"

Mr. Jellicot swung around in his chair and seized the boy by the hand.

"This is the pleasantest surprise I ever had in my life," he said, shaking Fred's hand warmly. "The account the men brought us of your supposed death fairly staggered Baldwin and myself. We couldn't realize that you fell from the chimney. How did it happen?"

Fred explained.

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed the junior partner, referring to Scully. "Have you had him arrested?"

"The warrant is out," answered Fred. "I can only reach him if Deaseley saw him push me off the platform and is willing to testify to that fact."



"Pressure must be brought to bear on him," said Mr. Jellicot.

"Maybe if you offered to take him back to work on condition that he would tell what he knows it might work. That is merely a suggestion, as I have no right to interfere in your business."

"I'll do it," said the junior partner promptly. "You attend to the matter right away, Baldwin. Send a man to his house to bring him over here."

Mr. Baldwin at once left the room.

An hour later Deaseley appeared at the office and was closely questioned by Mr. Jellicot concerning what he knew about Fred's fall.

After some hesitation he admitted that he had seen Scully push Fred off.

"Very good. You are willing to swear to that before the squire, are you?"

Deaseley reluctantly agreed to do so.

"All right. You can come on in the morning as usual. The foreman will be instructed to put you back to work. I hope you will report on time hereafter. I am giving you another chance on Knowles' account. You ought to be grateful to him."

Mr. Jellicot called Mr. Baldwin and told him to take Deaseley to the squire's office and explain that the man was prepared to testify against Scully.

Fred was delighted to learn that Deaseley would be a witness on his side, and shortly before two o'clock left to attend court at the squire's office.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE STOLEN INVENTION.

When Constable Tibbetts reached the Scully cottage with his warrant he found the place locked up.

There were no signs of the three persons he wanted anywhere around.

He made inquiries of the neighbors and learned that Scully, his niece, and Mrs. Meigg's had gone away in a bunch about half an hour before in a light wagon, driven by Moses Yarnold, with two trunks and two grips, as if bound on some trip.

There was a railroad station at Cloverdale on the M. & Q. trunk line, ten miles away to the north.

This road went direct to Toledo in the east, and Fort Wayne and other points to the west.

Instead of going to Cloverdale, the Scully crowd could have driven to Ardsley, four miles south on the river, and there taken the A. & P. short line to Piedmont, on the Maumee River, where they could connect with a boat of the Maumee Navigation Company either for Toledo one way or Fort Wayne the other, or intermediate towns on the river.

It was also possible for them to take the M. & Q. Railroad east or west at Piedmont, or they could cross the Maumee by ferry and take a train at Billings for any point they chose, south, east or west.

Constable Tibbetts next tried to find out whether the light wagon, evidently in charge of Moses Yarnold, was seen going north in the direction of Cloverdale or south toward Ardsley.

After losing an hour he found it had been seen on the road to the latter place.

He hastened to a telegraph office and sent a message to the police at Ardsley and another to the police at Piedmont.

Then he went to Squire Parker's office, where he found an impatient crowd awaiting the appearance of the prisoners, and reported that Scully and his people had left Greenlawn, apparently for good, abandoning their furniture, which had been bought on credit at one of the village stores.

Fred was not only disappointed on hearing the constable's report, but greatly troubled about Jessie Drummond.

He was more interested in the girl than he would admit, and consulted Squire Parker as to what could be done in the matter.

The squire said nothing could be done at present.

He hoped the police at Piedmont would catch the fugitives at that point.

If they failed, then it would be impossible to say whither Scully and the two females had gone.

Fred would have suggested Toledo, only that Jessie had given him to understand that Scully was wanted by the

authorities of that city for the stabbing affair, so it was hardly likely that he would return to his old stamping grounds as things stood.

The boy would have understood differently if he could have known that Scully had found a letter from Lawyer Parsons, of Toledo, at the cottage when he got there after leaving the works, informing him that he (Parsons) had squared things for him and he could return in perfect safety.

Scully, therefore, having no further use for Greenlawn, and looking for trouble in connection with his attempt on the Little Wizard's life, had hurriedly arranged for immediate departure from the village, Yarnold agreeing to borrow a wagon and take his party, bag and baggage, to Ardsley.

He was thus obliged to give up his connection with the scheme proposed by Yarnold to steal Fred's latest invention.

Yarnold under these circumstances decided to work the job alone, if he could manage it, and pocket all the profit that might result if he was successful.

Next morning Fred learned that the police of Piedmont had failed to capture Scully and his companions, and he felt quite broken up over it.

"It makes me wild to think that Jessie Drummond is still at the mercy of that rascal and the old hag," he said to himself as he made his way to the works. "The poor girl must feel dreadfully discouraged to think she was so close to a new and happy life, and then to have the chance snatched away by her tyrants. If I only had the money to hire a detective I might be able to get a clue to her whereabouts, and set the law in motion for her rescue."

Fred was so exercised about Jessie's fate that he neglected his combination knife invention he was about to have patented.

He had written about it to the patent lawyers in Washington who had put his other device through, and they had advised him to send on his drawings and description with the customary fee.

A draughtsman connected with Jordan & Jellicot had made the drawings for him, and he had written out a clear description of the invention himself.

Both the drawings and the description, ready to send away, lay on the bench of his workroom, with the model, which it was not necessary to forward, upon them.

It was Sunday evening, six days since the stirring incidents we have just narrated, and Fred was feeling down in the mouth because telegrams sent to various points had failed to produce any clue to Scully and the two companions of his flight.

He has spent the evening with Bob Larkins, and that young man had asked him when he was going to forward to Washington his application for a patent for his combination knife.

He told Bob he had forgotten about it, but as everything was ready he would mail the documents to the patent lawyers next day.

On returning home about half-past ten he let himself into the house as usual with his latch-key, and seeing no light downstairs he presumed that his mother had gone to bed.

After bolting the front door he proceeded upstairs to his own room.

On opening the door he was surprised to find the window overlooking the kitchen roof wide open.

"What the dickens does that mean?" he asked himself. "I didn't leave it that way. Wouldn't think of doing so, especially when I'm out. Couldn't be that mother came in here, opened it that wide and then forgot to shut it."

He went over to close it when he discovered that one of the panes had been cut out.

"Good gracious!" he ejaculated, much startled. "Has a thief been in the house?"

He looked around his room and opened his bureau drawers to see if any of his personal belongings were missing.

Nothing appeared to have been disturbed.

Suddenly his mind reverted to the documents connected with his latest invention.

Although he believed they were lying on his work-bench in the next room, where they had remained unnoticed for a week, he decided to make sure of the fact, for he could not understand why the missing pane had been cut out if not to admit some intruder into his room.

He struck a match and entered the little work-room. One glance at the bench showed him that the documents and the model also were missing.

"Stolen!" gasped Fred, gazing blankly at the spot where they had been.



He noticed that another, but unimportant, model was gone, too.

"Who is the thief?" he breathed. "Certainly not a professional, for he would scarcely have wasted time in here when the rest of the house was at his mercy. Who, then? Some one who knows me. Some one in this village who has read and heard about my latest idea, and who had nerve enough, after watching his chance, to break into my room with the sole object of getting away with my idea, intending no doubt to steal a march on me and patent it for his own benefit. How will I discover who this thief is? No doubt he is a sly one and has covered his tracks. What is that?"

An envelope lying on the floor beside the bench attracted his attention.

Stooping down, he picked it up and looked at it.

It bore a Toledo post-mark and was addressed to "Moses Yarnold, Greenlawn, Ohio."

"Moses Yarnold, eh? How came that here? Can he be the thief? I should never have suspected that shiftless rascal, though he is capable of stealing almost anything he could lay his hands on; but for all that he doesn't strike me as one whose thoughts would run to inventions. Still you never can tell. The presence of this envelope in my room, taken in connection with the cut-out pane and the loss of my drawings, description and model, is suspicious enough to call for an investigation in the direction of Moses Yarnold. I know where he lives, so I think I will go over to his house now and see if I can discover another clue."

Fred shut his window, put on his hat and walked out of the house.

He went around to the kitchen and found that the thief had piled several boards against the addition to help himself up on the roof of the one-story extension.

The young inventor removed them, and examining the ground by matchlight saw the plain imprints of a man's boot.

"My thieving visitor was a man, at any rate," he muttered. "If I fail to discover anything to-night I must notify Squire Parker first thing in the morning and have Yarnold shadowed."

Fred then started for the disreputable carpenter's house.

As he approached the shack where the rascal lived he saw a light shining from one of the windows.

Going up to it, Fred peeped into the room.

Yarnold was there with a grip, which he was packing.

On a table lay the model of the combination knife and a roll of something done up in a newspaper.

Even as the Little Wizard looked Yarnold stuffed the articles into the top of his grip, locked it and put the key in his pocket.

"So I've spotted the right man!" muttered Fred. "The rascal is evidently going away on a trip somewhere, and there seems to be no doubt that the object of his journey is to dispose of my invention. It strikes me that somebody is going to be disappointed, and I don't imagine it will be me. I'll bet he's going to Ardsley, where he took the Scully party, to board a train for Piedmont. Rather a late hour to catch a train to-night, if he's going to-night, for it's after eleven. I don't believe there is any passenger train over the short line till to-morrow morning. He's got his hat on and is making preparations to leave the house, so there is no doubt but he intends to make a start presently. Well, I must put a spoke in his wheel before he gets very far. I can't afford to take any chances of his getting off with my property."

At that moment Yarnold turned the light out.

Unfortunately for Fred, the moon was shining brightly at his back.

It cast the reflection of the window, with the boy's head and shoulders silhouetted on it, upon the floor, and Yarnold saw it.

He turned quickly, with an exclamation on his lips, but there was no one at the window, because Fred had turned away to await the man's exit from the building.

Yarnold rushed to the window and looked out.

He saw the Little Wizard standing a few feet away and recognized him in the moonlight.

The rascal knew at once that Fred had found out in some way that he had stolen his invention and had come to try and recover it.

"I'll fix him," he muttered.

Instead of coming out by the back door, instead of the front door, he crept across his woody yard, climbed over the fence and took a short cut across the back lot for the street be-

yond, leaving Fred to watch in vain for his exit from the front door.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ON THE TRAIL OF THE THIEF.

As the moments passed away and Yarnold did not appear Fred grew impatient.

He looked in at the darkened window again, but could see nothing.

The room appeared to be empty.

"He must be doing something in the adjoining room," thought the boy.

Just then he heard somebody approaching down the street. It proved to be a boy Fred knew well.

"Hello, Fred!" said the newcomer, stopping and looking at the Little Wizard in some surprise. "What are you doing over at this end of the village at this hour?"

"Watching for Moses Yarnold. The rascal broke into my house to-night and stole my latest invention. He's going to skip with it, and I'm waiting for him to come out so as to nab him."

"You'll have a long wait, then, if you stay here," laughed the boy.

"How so?"

"Because I saw Yarnold about two blocks back on Jefferson street, with a grip in his hand, walking as hard as he could foot it toward the Ardsley road."

"The dickens you did!" cried Fred, aghast. "Are you sure it was him?"

"Positive. I know Yarnold by sight as well as I do you."

"I've been watching the front door ever since he put out the light, and I haven't seen a sign of him."

"He must have left by the back way, then," said the boy.

"But he'd have to come around here to reach the street."

"No, he wouldn't. He could have jumped the rear fence, crossed the lot, gone through Baxter's lane and thus reached Jefferson street."

"Why should he have taken all that trouble?" asked the puzzled Fred.

"He may have seen you on the watch, or he may have wanted to take a short cut. By going the way I mentioned he saved nearly a block's walk, and he looked as if he was in a hurry."

"Well, that's fierce!" said Fred. "I may have to chase him all the way to Ardsley now. However, I'll chase him all the way to Chicago or elsewhere, if it is necessary, to get my property back. Good-night. I'm off."

Fred started at a rapid pace for the next corner, which would take him into Jefferson street, and that thoroughfare connected with the Ardsley road.

The young inventor didn't meet a soul, or see any signs of Yarnold ahead, till he reached the Ardsley road, then he saw a buggy coming toward him.

He stepped into the road toward the rig and the man reined in.

He proved to be one of the village physicians returning home from a professional visit.

"Good-evening, Dr. Mitchell," said Fred.

"Why, hello, Fred! You're quite a way from your home. Rather a late hour, isn't it, for you to be tramping in the direction of Ardsley? Surely you're not bound there?"

"I'm bound in that direction, and I'm not sure but I may have to go there. I am chasing a thief."

"A thief!" exclaimed the doctor in a surprised tone.

"Yes. Moses Yarnold stole something belonging to me to-night, and I'm after him hot-foot to get it back. You know the man by sight. Did you see him along the road anywhere?"

"I passed a man with a grip in his hand a little way back. I didn't pay any particular attention to him."

"That was the rascal. I must hurry on."

"Hold on. No use of you walking your feet off, for he's likely to beat you to the town. Jump in and I'll drive back till we overtake him, and then you can settle with him, and if necessary I'll help you," said the physician.

"That's very kind of you, doctor," replied Fred gratefully. "I'll accept your offer."

The Little Wizard got in, the doctor turned his rig around and started back at a quick trot.

Fred explained the circumstances of the case in a few words while he kept his eyes skinned ahead for some sign of Yarnold.



"It's about time we met him," said Fred after they had gone a mile.

The doctor thought so, too, but kept right on.

Another mile was reeled off and still they didn't meet any one.

"He couldn't have outwalked us, I'm sure," said the physician.

"Maybe he took alarm when he heard us approaching, and not caring to take any chances, hid behind the fence till we had passed," said Fred.

"That is probably what he did," replied the doctor, "for in no other way can I account for our failure to overtake him. What will you do now? Return with me?"

"No, sir," replied the young inventor resolutely. "We can't be more than two miles from Ardsley now. If you put me down here I'll lie in wait for him."

"I'm afraid he'll be more than a match for you."

"I'm not afraid to tackle him. I've taken sparring lessons from Professor Vincent at the gymnasium. The last time I put on the gloves with him he told me he'd back me against any ordinary man not equally skilled in the science of self-defense."

"Well, you'd better take my revolver, so as to be on the safe side. You can return it to me to-morrow," said Dr. Mitchell, offering it to the boy.

Fred accepted it with thanks, then the physician turned his horse around and drove toward Greenlawn, leaving the plucky Little Wizard standing in the road.

Squatting down beside the fence, Fred waited for an hour, but Yarnold did not appear.

The night was warm and fine, and the air was filled with the monotonous croak of a multitude of frogs, as well as the noises of innumerable nocturnal insects.

These sounds, coupled with the solitude and the fact that Fred was rather tired, made the boy feel sleepy, and he caught himself falling into a doze.

"This won't do," he muttered. "First thing I know I'll be asleep and Yarnold will pass me. I'll keep on toward Ardsley at a slow walk."

He got up and went on along the road.

Fifteen minutes later he was standing in front of the small railroad depot with its freight yard, which was really not a yard in the strict sense of the term, but a succession of branch tracks more or less occupied with freight cars.

A number of men and a locomotive were busy making up a freight train, and Fred, having nothing else to do, sat down on the end of the platform and became an interested observer of a scene new and strange to him.

He forgot all about Yarnold and his mission as he sat there with his back against a packing-case.

After a time the red and white switch lights scattered about the yard, and the swinging lanterns of the freight men mingled together in a blurred kind of way, his head sank over on his shoulder, and in a few minutes he was asleep.

The next thing he knew it was broad daylight and somebody was shaking him by the shoulder.

He started up in surprise and recognized an old Greenlawn acquaintance who was now an engineer on the short line.

"Why, hello, Fred! What in creation are you doing here in Ardsley asleep on the station platform?" said the engineer.

Fred looked at him in a confused sort of way for a moment till his wits got into working order again.

"Oh, it's you, Benson," he said. "Gee! I must have slept half the night here."

"Half the night, eh?" laughed the man. "Isn't this rather a strange place for you to select as a bedroom? What are you doing here, anyway?"

Fred explained the reason of his presence in Ardsley.

Benson whistled.

He knew Yarnold well, and knew nothing good of him.

"Too bad you fell asleep, for the rascal has given you the slip."

"How do you know he has?" asked Fred in surprise.

"I'll tell you how I know it. I bring in the early morning freight which leaves Piedmont at four o'clock. The night freight from this place reaches Piedmont before we pull out. I saw Yarnold, with a grip in his hand, get out of an empty box-car on which he had evidently stolen a ride from this town. He asked one of the yardmen to direct him to the wharf of the Maumee River Navigation Company. He apparently wanted to catch the night boat for Toledo, for it stops at Piedmont at five o'clock. He's on

the river by this time. As it is probable he will go straight through, you can head him off by going to Piedmont by the eight o'clock train. That connects with the express for Toledo and points east. You ought to reach Toledo ahead of the boat, which makes a number of stops along the river.

Then you can go to the steamboat dock and meet the boat when it comes in. When your man lands nab him," said the engineer.

"I'll do it. What time is it now?" asked Fred.

"Half-past six. You have an hour and a half to wait before the first train leaves for Piedmont. That will give you time to eat your breakfast. Come over to my house and feed. My wife will be glad to see you."

Fred accompanied Benson to his cottage and breakfasted with him and his family.

He returned to the station in plenty of time to take the train.

When he bought his ticket, which cost him fifty-five cents, he found that he had barely enough funds to carry him to Toledo.

It was necessary for him to have money to return with and pay his expenses in Toledo, so he wrote a brief letter to his mother, explaining the cause of his sudden departure from the village the night before, and asking her to mail him a postal order for \$20 at once, addressed to the general delivery in Toledo.

He mailed the letter at the station, jumped aboard a car, and was soon en route for Piedmont.

Fred reached Piedmont at half-past eight.

The express from Chicago, via Fort Wayne, was due at 8:50.

It came in on time and the young inventor boarded it.

At half-past ten it pulled in at the Lake Shore Depot on Hawley street, Toledo, over two miles, as the crow flies, from the wharf of the Maumee River Navigation Company, which was in the vicinity of the Walnut Street Bridge.

Fred, on inquiring his way to the dock, was directed to take an electric car over to Walnut street.

Toledo, if not a big city, was large enough to interest the Little Wizard as he rode through the busy streets.

Fred got out of the car in front of the Wayne Hotel, on Walnut street, and, following the conductor's directions, walked down that street till he came to the bridge, when he turned northward along the water-front and soon came to the dock of the navigation company.

To the boy's satisfaction, the boat wasn't in yet, though it was really past her time of arrival, a fact that Fred didn't know.

He made inquiries about her of a policeman, and was referred to the office on the dock, where he found that she was late.

He waited for nearly an hour, and then inquired again.

The clerk told him they had just received word that the boat was delayed thirty miles up the river by the breaking down of her machinery, and the probability was she wouldn't reach Toledo until very late in the afternoon.

It was nearly one o'clock now, and as he felt hungry he went to a cheap restaurant close by to have his dinner first.

Leaving the restaurant, he started to stroll north along the river front.

The farther he went the poorer and more disreputable the buildings and streets became.

As he stood at the corner of C—— street debating the advisability of continuing his walk an old, villainous-looking woman came down the street and turned in the direction the boy had been going.

Fred caught a good look at her face, and with a gasp he recognized her as Mother Meiggs, the hag who lorded it over Jessie Drummond.

"Gee whiz!" he ejaculated. "She here in Toledo! Then Scully and Jessie must be here also. Here's a chance, maybe, for me to get a clue to their whereabouts. I'll follow the old cat. Perhaps she'll take me to the place where Jessie is now living under the thumb of her rascally uncle. Then I'll appeal to a magistrate to help me rescue the girl from her unfortunate condition."

Thus communing with himself, Fred followed after the old haridan, taking care not to let her get out of his sight.

## CHAPTER IX.

### BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

At the very moment when Fred started to follow Mother Meiggs, hoping she would lead him to the place where Scully and Jessie Drummond were to be found, two men



of unsavory aspect were seated at a plain deal table in a poorly-furnished room on the second floor of a moldy-looking building standing partly on a foundation of piles overlapping the Maumee River.

The house was so old and shaky that it leaned for support against its next-door neighbor, which was even more disreputable in appearance, so that the two looked for all the world like a pair of tattered vagrants on their last legs.

Once on a time it had been a fairly respectable sailors' boarding-house, but that was so long ago that nobody in the neighborhood remembered the fact except as a tradition.

Its name, "Mariners' Snug Harbor," could still be traced in dim and nearly obliterated letters on a board nailed over the main entrance.

A pair of filthy-looking swing doors hid the interior of the public room from the sidewalk, but passing them a visitor would find himself in a long, low-ceiled, dark room, provided with a small bar, a number of round tables surrounded with chairs, while beyond was a pool table.

Two windows at the rear of the room overlooked the river, and in one corner, directly under a small glazed window, stood a solitary round table, flanked by three chairs, and littered with newspapers and ancient magazines.

Such was the ground floor of the lodging-house that recognized Dan Scully as its proprietor, and over which he had been the presiding genius, with the exception of his brief enforced absence at Greenlawn, ever since his brother-in-law, Captain Nathaniel Drummond, had left his little daughter Jessie in his care.

The two men seated at the table on the second floor rear of this building were Dan Scully and Noah Parsons.

Nature had not been generous in good looks to either of these men.

Scully's face, never very reassuring, had grown to be hard and repellant, and a nervous person would not have cared to meet him in a dark street at midnight.

Parsons looked exactly what he was—a low, cunning, artful scoundrel; a wolf in sheep's clothing.

He was known as a police court lawyer, had a strong "pull" with certain important local politicians, to whom he very very useful as occasion served, and practically thrived on the misfortunes of the lower order of humanity.

"So things are bad, eh?" said Parsons, leering across the table at Scully, who was moodily puffing at a black brier-root pipe.

"Bad!" growled Scully. "They couldn't be much worse."

"I thought you were making out pretty well here," said the lawyer in a bland, oily tone, rubbing his hands one over the other, as if washing them with invisible soap and water. "I kept an eye on Dick Fitch while you were away in Greenlawn, and saw that he didn't take an undue advantage of his opportunities. Clever lad, Dick is, but no match for me," with a chuckle.

Scully made no reply, but gazed morosely through the dirty window-panes at his elbow.

"This old rookery doesn't cost you much rent, and you ought to have your share of the trade along the waterfront," went on Parsons.

"Business ain't what it was," said Scully after a pause, "and it's gettin' worse every day; but that ain't what's troublin' me."

"What else?" asked the lawyer, leaning forward inquisitively.

"Do you remember Drummond?"

"What, Captain Drummond, the nautical gent that married your sister, and when she died six years ago left his daughter in your charge, sailed away in his ship and never came back?"

"Who else should I mean?" growled Scully.

"What about him? He was lost at sea."

"That's what I supposed."

"Why, wasn't he? You showed me the account in the newspaper."

"He has come back to life," replied Scully gloomily.

"Come back to life! How do you know?"

"I got a letter from him this mornin' bearin' the New York postmark."

Parsons uttered a low whistle.

"Here it is," said Scully, taking an envelope from his pocket and tossing it across the table.

The lawyer picked it up, took out the enclosure and began to read it, while Scully watched him with a scowl on his countenance.

"H'm! Call's you his old friend Dan," said Parsons with a chuckle. "His daughter is well and growing up a fine

girl and a well educated one," with another chuckle. "Crazy to see her once more, and so is coming on to Toledo as fast as the railroad will bring him. Explains his silence for five years by saying that he was wrecked on an island down around Cape Horn, and had to stay there till he was taken off by a vessel bound for New York, where he has just arrived in good health."

Noah Parsons returned the letter to its envelope and tossed it back to Scully.

"He's liable to reach here any minute now," he said. "This meeting is going to be an awkward one all around, but especially for you."

"I know it," returned Scully with an uneasy look. "He left me a lot of money to pay for the girl's clothes, schoolin', and such like."

"Which has been otherwise appropriated," grinned Parsons.

"When I read in the papers that his vessel was reported lost at sea, and I didn't hear no more from him, I figured that he was dead. I needed the money and——"

"You took it."

"You know I took it. I ain't made no secret about it to you."

"It didn't do you much good."

"No. Worse luck. I showed the girl what the paper said about her father's ship bein' lost with all hands, and though she's been hopin' agin' hope all these years since, the fact that no more letters came from the captain has about convinced her that she's an orphan."

"When you supposed the captain was dead you told her you couldn't afford to keep her at school, so you brought her theer and put her to work in one of the factories."

Scully nodded.

"And you've taken her wages and made her keep house for you besides."

"Wasn't that the proper thing to do?"

"It's a wonder she stood for it."

"She didn't dare go agin' me. I gave her a lesson once or twice and she ain't forgot it. She knows I won't stand no foolin' from her."

"All of which is going to tell against you when the girl and her father come together," said Parsons. "How are you going to square yourself?"

"I dunno. I sent for you to advise me. You're a lawyer, and as tricky as they come."

Parsons grinned as if he took that as a compliment.

"I thought maybe you could show me a way out of my hobble," continued Scully. "We've been pals after a fashion, and it won't cost you nothin' to help me."

"H'm!" replied Parsons, rubbing his chin and favoring his companion with a sly look. "You can't account in a satisfactory way for the money the captain left with you—to spend on his daughter."

"Of course I can't."

"Neither can you wipe out the record of the way you've treated her since you thought her father was dead. If Captain Drummond isn't an uncommonly easy mark he'll have you put up before a magistrate as soon as he learns the truth."

Scully uttered a growl like a wild beast at bay.

"The magistrate," went on the lawyer, "on the evidence submitted, will hold you for trial, and when you are tried you will be convicted and sent to prison."

"I didn't send for you to tell me that."

Noah Parsons chuckled.

"You want my advice, eh? I'll give it to you in one word—skip."

Scully uttered a snort.

"And where will I skip to this time? I ain't been back a week, and was gettin' kind of shook down into the old groove, which suits me better'n workin' at my trade by a long chalk, and now I've either got to face the music or dust out with the girl and the old woman again. I tell you it's——"

The word, a very expressive one, was lost in the smash that he gave the table with his brawny fist.

"There isn't any help for it that I can see," replied Parsons blandly, taking out his watch and consulting it. "The Chicago express from New York over the Lake Shore is due here about seven. The parcel agent says he'll be here. The chances are he will be, according to the letter. We may figure that he will go to a hotel first before he tries to find you. No matter how anxious he is to see his little girl he'll want to get his dinner first. It will probably be eight o'clock by the time he registers at some house in the neighborhood of Walnut Street. It will take him an hour, say,



to dine. He hasn't been in this town for six years and he'll know that things have changed in that time along the river-front. All nautical individuals know that the water-front isn't the sweetest place in the world, nor the healthiest, for a stranger to wander around after dark. Under such conditions, especially as he won't expect to find his little girl down around the slums, if he's sensible, he'll put off visiting you till morning."

"It won't take long for mornin' to get here," grunted Scully.

"No; but between this and to-morrow morning you ought to get things packed and be ready to take a boat from Craddock's Dock for Fort Wayne, with the girl and the old woman in tow."

"Which means I'll have to turn to and sling brick and mortar again," growled Scully with a smothered imprecation.

"You ought to be able to find a factory somewhere for the girl to make herself useful. She's old enough to help keep the pot boiling for you. I'll see the nautical gent and tell him you've taken his little girl on a pleasure trip somewhere and there isn't any telling when you'll be back. I'll advise him to return to New York and wait till he hears from you."

"I'm thinkin' he won't care to follow your suggestion. He may make inquiries around the neighborhood and then he's liable to learn a thing or two that won't jibe with your story. After that he may go to the police. They've got my record."

"Yes, they've got it—he! he! he!" chuckled the lawyer, rubbing his hands. "If it wasn't you have me at your back where would you be, eh?"

Scully knew well enough that it was Parsons' pull that protected him.

He was even now under a five-years' suspended sentence that might become active under certain conditions in spite of the lawyer's influence.

"If Captain Drummond learns what my record is, and also that his daughter has been livin' right along in this crib, there'll be somethin' doin'," continued Scully.

Noah Parsons scratched his chin, as he always did when things looked ugly, and after some thought said:

"I'm afraid you'll have to quit Toledo for good to be on the safe side. The coming of the nautical is a snag I can't see my way around. If he has any money, which I suppose he hasn't after being wrecked—"

"He'll get his share of the marine insurance on the 'Golden Dream,' which his shippin' firm has, of course, collected long ago, for he owned a third interest in the vessel, and that will be quite a tidy sum."

"If he has money, then, he'll be able to put detectives on your track."

Scully scowled.

"You'll have to change your name, and the girl's name, too. I'd advise you to go to Chicago and lose yourself there."

"Where's the money to come from to do all this? I can't sell out here in a minute."

"Give me a bill of sale of your property in this house and I'll let you have something on account. I'll sell the stuff and when you send me your address I'll forward you what's coming to you. I don't see that you can do any better," said the lawyer with a sly look.

"All right, Parsons; I'll do as you say," replied Scully, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and putting it in his pocket. "Bring your paper and I'll sign it."

"You're sensible," said Parsons with a cunning leer. "I'll come back to-night around eight or nine o'clock with the document. In the meantime pack up everything you intend to take and have it ready for the expressman to cart to the dock first thing in the morning."

"I'll do it. Come down and have a drink."

The two rascals walked downstairs together, entered the public room, and had a couple of drinks at the bar, after which the lawyer departed, looking more than ever like a wicked old bird of prey.

## CHAPTER X.

### IN THE "MARINERS' SNUG HARBOR."

In the meantime Fred Knowles was following Mother Meiggs along the river-front, and the old hag never dreamed that she was being shadowed.

She kept straight on at a shuffling gait that spoke of age, though the crone could be active enough when something aroused her.

At length she reached her destination, which was a side door leading into a long, dark entry that reached from the front to the back of the building bearing the faded sign of the "Mariners' Snug Harbor."

She pushed open the door, entered and the door swung to after her.

Fred, who was on the opposite side of the way, stopped and took a good look at the crazy structure.

He had a sharp eye and easily made out the name of the establishment.

"That settles it," he muttered. "That is the 'Mariners' Snug Harbor' Jessie told me that Scully is proprietor of, and where she has lived for the last five years under the thumb of her rascally uncle and the old hag. I never dreamed when I set out for this town that I would discover a clue to the girl's enforced abiding place. It's a tough-looking joint, all right, and I don't wonder the police have it under their eye and have had cause to raid it. Now the question is, what shall I do next? Now that I know where Jessie is I hate to let her stay in such a crib a moment longer than I can help; but I've got Yarnold on my hands, and I can't afford to lose track of him, or I may be dishd out of my invention. I'll have to attend to him first and then I'll devote my energies to Jessie's rescue."

He made a note of the nearest street to the "Mariners' Snug Harbor," though he felt sure he could easily recognize the building again, then turned around and retraced his steps towards Craddock's Dock, used by the Maumee River Navigation Company.

As he neared the wharf he saw a steamer coming down the river, and guessed that must be the delayed boat.

As soon as he reached the dock he found it was.

He secured a post of vantage and waited for the boat to come in and the passengers to land.

Fifteen minutes later the gangplank was run ashore, and the small crowd of passengers who had come to Toledo by water instead of by rail began to hurry ashore.

Yarnold kept with the rush, and Fred didn't notice him till he was nearly off the wharf.

"I'm afraid my sudden appearance is going to give him a shock," chuckled Fred, picturing the rascal's surprise and consternation on finding himself outwitted.

He started after Yarnold, but at that moment a transfer wagon drove between him and the object of his pursuit, and he had to walk around it, only to find another team in his road.

By the time he had extricated himself Yarnold had got out of his sight.

Fred was mad enough to chew a tenpenny nail.

Looking up and down the thoroughfare he finally saw Yarnold half a block ahead on the other side of the way, walking north.

That was the direction in which the "Mariners' Snug Harbor" lay.

Fred chased after him at a rapid pace, expecting to see him turn up one of the streets that ended at the river thoroughfare.

He didn't, but kept straight on.

Yarnold walked fast, and Fred closed slowly with him, as he didn't want to run.

Fred was so interested in the pursuit that he didn't notice he had got back to the vicinity of Scully's lodging-house until Yarnold suddenly cut diagonally across the street and entered the main doorway of the "Mariners' Snug Harbor."

Fred pulled up and looked blankly at the swing doors.

"Blessed if he hasn't gone in there!" he breathed. "That means he probably intends to take counsel with Scully. He did the rascal several good turns in Greenlawn, and now maybe he wants Scully to reciprocate. This rather complicates matters. I wonder what time it is?"

The clock of a near-by beer saloon indicated that the hour was five.

Fred was at a loss what move to make next.

He was afraid he would attract attention if he openly hung around the neighborhood, so he entered a dirty, ill-smelling entry nearly opposite Scully's establishment, and from the shadow of the door he watched for Yarnold to come out.

The day, which was a cloudy one, seemed to grow gloomier as evening drew near.

According to the almanac the sun didn't set till half-past seven, but the black clouds that covered the sky brought



twilight over the city when the factory whistles announced six o'clock.

Pale-looking gas jets began to flicker in the saloons and tenement houses within range of Fred's vision, and it was getting quite dark by the time the public room of the "Mariners' Snug Harbor" was lit up.

Fred was by this time heartily tired of shadowing the outside of the building, and he finally decided to take the risk of entering the place by way of the side door and see if he could find out what Yarnold was doing.

He walked down to the next corner, crossed over and came back along the river.

Reaching the door through which he had seen Mother Meiggs enter he went in, and found himself in the entry, which was as dark as the ace of spades.

After listening he struck a match and saw a staircase before him.

Everything looked dark above.

Walking along the entry he saw a door communicating with the public room.

Opening it cautiously he looked inside, wondering if he would see Yarnold there talking with Scully.

Neither rascal was there, only a young chap in his shirt-sleeves behind the bar reading a newspaper, and three long-shoremen drinking and talking at a table.

There was another door at the extreme end of the entry.

Fred opened it and saw a narrow platform with stairs descending into the water.

"If I'm going to continue my investigations it will have to be upstairs. That is evidently where Yarnold is with Scully, and where that hag and Jessie are also."

So upstairs Fred went with due caution, reaching the first landing.

Striking a match he looked around and saw several closed doors.

He walked toward one of the front doors and as he stood hesitating whether to run the risk of opening it, the door of a rear one opened and two men came out.

"I'll leave my grip here till we come back," said a voice he recognized as Yarnold's. "It will be safe, won't it?"

"Sure, it will," replied the other in tones that were undeniably Scully's.

The men went downstairs and entered the public room, banging the door after them.

"What luck!" breathed Fred. "He's left his grip in that room, and my property is in it. I must try to recover it at any hazard."

Not knowing how long Yarnold and Scully were going to remain below he got a hustle on.

Entering the room they had left he found a lamp dimly burning on a table.

This was the room in which Scully and Parsons had held their interview that afternoon.

Fred looked hastily around for Yarnold's grip and saw it standing in a corner.

"I'll have to cut it open," he said, feeling for his knife.

Pulling the grip toward him his heart gave a jump when he saw the key in the lock.

To open it was the work of a moment.

His small flat model and the roll which he believed contained his drawing and description were right on top of a lot of wearing apparel.

Opening the roll to make sure he found he was right in his conjecture.

Making a flat package of the two papers he shoved them with the model into his pocket, with a chuckle of triumph, relocked the grip and returned it to the corner.

"Now to leave the building, get my supper and then see the police about Jessie," said Fred to himself. "It isn't safe for me to monkey around this crib any longer."

He opened the door to go when he heard the footsteps and the voices of Scully and Yarnold coming up the stairs.

He was about to dart into the dark landing when he saw a light coming down the staircase from above, and a second look showed him the outline of Mother Meiggs.

"Gee! I'm caught between two fires!" exclaimed the startled Fred. "What shall I do? It is likely to go hard with me if they catch me in here."

He saw a door standing slightly ajar.

It appeared to be his only avenue of safety, so he opened it and walked into a roomy closet littered with various odds and ends.

He pulled the door shut.

The sharp snap of a spring lock followed, and he realized he was a prisoner.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE UNWELCOMED VISITOR.

There was a wide crack in the door through which Fred could see into the room.

Scully and Yarnold came in noisily.

"Now I guess I'll be off, Dan," said Yarnold. "I want to get my dinner and then catch the 8:30 express for New York."

"Well, good luck to you, old man. I hope you'll make a haul out of that invention. You played the march on the boy rather cleverly. Little fear that he'll get on your track now. I shall expect to see you in Chicago later on. Drop a letter to Dan Bryan, general delivery, and I'll get it."

"All right. I'll do it," replied Yarnold, picking up his grip.

The two shook hands and Scully saw his companion as far as the head of the stairs, then he went into the front room on the same floor, and through the thin partition Fred could hear him and Mother Meiggs talking together and moving things about.

The Little Wizard found on investigation that he couldn't get out of the closet without breaking a panel out of the door.

Nearly an hour passed before he heard Scully go downstairs.

Mother Meiggs, however, remained, and Fred waited impatiently for her to go back upstairs.

She appeared to be in no hurry, and seemed to be busy over something.

As a matter of fact, she was packing Scully's trunk for the morrow's departure.

Scully had gone downstairs to relieve his assistant, Dick Fitch, from duty.

As there was no one in the public room at the time he took his seat at the table in the rear corner of the room under the glazed window and proceeded to read the evening paper.

As the clock pointed to the hour of eight a well-built, heavily-bearded stranger of middle age entered the room.

He had a bluff, breezy air about him, and a certain rolling gait that indicated a close connection with the sea, though he was dressed in a new suit of shore togs.

The stranger walked down the room, and Scully, hearing his footsteps, looked up.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked in a rather uncivil tone.

"I want to see Mr. Scully, if he's on the premises," said the stranger.

"What do you want with Mr. Scully?" the rascal asked cautiously.

His affairs and character were in such a bad way that he wasn't sure but this might be a detective in disguise come to arrest him, therefore he did not care to reveal his identity to a stranger without being first well assured that his intentions were not of a disagreeable nature.

"That's my business," replied the newcomer curtly.

"What's your name?"

"Cap'n Nat Drummond."

Scully was fairly paralyzed by the announcement of the stranger's identity.

He hadn't expected to see Captain Drummond that night even if the stranger arrived in town by the Lake Shore express, consequently he was so staggered by his sudden coming that he hardly knew what to say or do.

He saw, however, that the captain did not recognize him offhand, but that fact did not reassure him, for he was sitting in the shadow of the lamp above his head, and he knew that his dead sister's husband was bound to identify him when he got a square look at his face, so he decided to welcome his brother-in-law and trust to luck and his ready invention to get him out of his present dilemma.

"Why, Nat, is it really you?" he exclaimed, springing up and offering his hand.

Captain Drummond flashed a look of surprise at Scully, but as the light above shone athwart the rascal's hard features the familiar expression showed itself.

"Dan, can this really be you?" he said, taking his brother-in-law's hand in a hesitating way.

"It's me, all right," replied Scully, with as pleasant a smile as his rascally features could assume. "Sit down, Nat, and make yourself at home."

"Well, well, you've changed a good bit since we parted; but, bless you, I'm right glad to see you after all these



years. I've changed, too. Got more hair on my face and less on my head, perhaps," said the skipper as he seated himself opposite Scully.

"You certainly have altered a lot, Nat. I didn't know you at first. Then you see I wasn't lookin' for a visit from you to-night. I thought if you came by the Chicago express you'd go right to a hotel and come here in the mornin'."

"I did go to a hotel and had my dinner there," said Captain Drummond; "but, bless your heart, Dan, I couldn't wait till morning without a sight of my little girl."

His voice quavered and his eyes grew moist as he mentioned his daughter.

"You don't know how I long to clasp her in my arms," he went on. "Why, it's six years since I last saw her! Six years—think of that, Dan! Then she was a little girl, now she must be almost a young woman. I shall hardly know her with long skirts on. How is she? Well and happy, eh?" with great eagerness.

"Sure," replied Scully, hardly knowing what he said.

"Where is she, Dan? Still at school?"

"Yes, yes; that's where she is," fluttered the rascal, quickly taking the cue. "She isn't quite through her education yet. Wanted to take all the extras, you see. That's the fashion nowadays. Costs a pile of money, but it's got to be paid."

"You must have laid out a lot on her, Dan," said the captain, his heart warming toward the rascal. "I didn't leave you more'n half enough to meet the expense you've been put to. But then you see I didn't expect to be away so long. Only two years or so. I didn't count on being cast away on a desolate bit of island south of Patagonia. But don't worry about that, Dan. I'll make it up to you. Ay, ay, every cent. I've a tidy bit of money. You make out your bill, down to the last cent, and I'll pay it."

"That's all right, Nat," said Scully with an uneasy look.

"Now, Dan, whereabouts is this school that Jessie's at? You haven't told me that yet, and I'd like to go there and see her to-night before I turn in."

"You can't see her to-night, Nat," said Scully, hastily. "The school is out of town some distance. You'll have to wait till mornin'. Come around here at nine o'clock to-morrow. Or you wait for me at the hotel. Maybe that would be better. I'll call around with a buggy and drive you out to the school."

In the morning at nine he counted on being aboard the steamboat with Jessie, bound up the river, and then he felt he could snap his fingers at his brother-in-law.

"Very good, Dan," nodded Captain Drummond. "And now tell me, how are things coming on with you, Dan? I didn't expect to find this place looking so bad as it is. Six years ago it had an altogether different appearance. I must say that it doesn't look prosperous, Dan. Are you in want of money? If you are say the word, and I'll lend you a hundred or two to put you on your feet, besides paying all my little girl's expenses that you've had to advance out of your own pocket."

As Captain Drummond spoke he pulled a fat wallet out of his pocket and exhibited a wad of notes that made Scully's mouth fairly water.

It made another person's mouth water, too.

That individual was Noah Parsons, the rascally lawyer.

While approaching the "Mariners' Snug Harbor" a little while before he had observed a man ahead of him who seemed to be a stranger to the neighborhood.

When he saw this man step in front of Dan Scully's establishment, and after gazing at it in a puzzled kind of way enter the public room, he jumped to the correct conclusion that the stranger was the expected Captain Drummond.

Glancing in at the front door he saw the meeting between Dan and the father of Jessie, and observed that they presently got into conversation at the table.

Noah Parsons immediately felt a strong desire to overhear what they were talking about, and being a sneaky individual by nature, he lost no time in entering the house unobserved, as he thought, by the entry street door.

He passed swiftly down the entry to the rear where a small glass window opened on the public room above the table at which Scully and the captain sat.

Opening the window a bit he stood there and listened to the greater part of the conversation we have already recorded.

He was, therefore, in a position to see the wad of bills displayed by Captain Drummond when the honest old skipper offered to lend his brother-in-law a part of it.

Twenty minutes before the Little Wizard, taking advan-

tage of the opportunity afforded him by Mother Meiggs going upstairs, had burst his way from the closet.

Without wasting a moment he ran downstairs, but just as he reached the foot of the staircase his escape was cut off by the entry of Noah Parsons through the side door, as we have seen.

Fred retreated to the rear of the entry, expecting that the intruder would go upstairs; but he didn't.

He followed Fred, unconscious of his presence, and the boy, squeezing himself into a corner near the back door, hardly hoped to avoid discovery.

The rascally lawyer, however, was intent on overhearing what was passing between Scully and Captain Drummond, and did not suspect the presence of any one in the entry.

Fred, with bated breath, watched him open the little window and stand in a listening attitude, all the while wondering what his game was.

After muttering his thoughts aloud Parsons went to the door opening on the public room, stuck his head in, caught Scully's eye and beckoned to him.

Excusing himself to the captain Dan walked to the door.

"Come this way, Dan," he said, leading him down near the window and close to the spot where Fred was hugging the wall.

## CHAPTER XII.

### "DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES."

"What d'ye want, Parsons?" growled Scully. "If it's to tell me about that paper you want me to sign you can wait a while till I get rid of that party inside," and he jerked his thumb toward the partition of the public room.

As it was pitch dark in the entry that bit of pantomime was wasted effort.

"So you've got a visitor, eh, Dan?" chuckled the artful lawyer. "Who is he?"

"Never you mind who he is," grunted Scully. "He's goin' away in a minute."

"He! he he!" chuckled Parsons again. "Don't want to tell me, eh? Just as if I didn't know that it was a certain nautical gent from foreign parts. Somebody that's been living by himself on an island near Cape Horn these five years back. Somebody come to inquire about somebody else. Turned up unexpected. Isn't that it, Dan?"

"How in thunder did you learn all that?" said Scully in a tone of surprise.

"How do I learn lots of things, Dan, that turn me in a pretty penny? By using my eyes and ears."

"You're a sharp one, Noah," said Scully. "I reckon you could look through an inch board if you wanted to get on to what was doin' on the other side."

"He! he! he! You flatter me, Dan. I can't see through a board, but I can see through a window when there's one at hand."

"What d'ye mean by that?"

"When I saw through the front door that you and the nautical gent were having quite a friendly chat together I thought I'd like to hear what you were talking about. So I came in here, Dan, where I knew there was a window close to the table, and I used my eyes and ears to the best advantage, as I always do."

"Well, blame me, if you ain't a reg'lar Paul Pry!"

"That's a fine pocketbook the captain has, Dan; very fine and fat. There must be a thousand dollars in it if there's a cent."

"Oh, you seen that, too?"

"How could I help seeing it when he opened it up wide and gave us both a peep at the rich green lining? I noticed that the top bill was a fifty, and the second a fifty also, and the third another fifty. Maybe they're all fifties."

"What of it?" replied Scully crustily. "It ain't your money or mine."

"No, but it ought to be. A thousand dollars don't come our way every day."

"I'll swear it doesn't come my way," said Scully with an imprecation.

"All the more reason why we oughtn't to let it slip through our fingers, Dan. Do you understand?"

"We! What do you mean?"

"You and me, of course, Dan. We're pals, aren't we? I'm just giving you a hint. You're going to skip up the river in the morning, aren't you?"



"Sure thing."

"Of course you are, and with your capital start afresh in some new place."

"My capital! What are you givin' me? I haven't any capital outside what the odds and ends in this place'll fetch at auction."

"But somebody else has, Dan. We both know who, eh?"

"Do you mean Drum—"

"Not so loud, Dan! He might hear you. They say walls have ears."

"Well, you mean him, of course."

"He's the man. What's easier than—"

"No, no, Parsons; I'm pretty bad, but rob the captain—that's layin' it on too thick. Why, he offered to loan me \$200. I dare say he'd make it another century if I said I needed it."

"Hel' hel' hel' S'pose he did, that wouldn't do me any good. I need money, too. What's a paltry \$300 when there's \$700 more maybe that we might have without any trouble? Never let a good thing get away from you. That's my motto. That pocketbook is a good thing. See here, Dan, it's a muggy night and the captain will relish something hot. Mix some of the drops out of your black bottle with the liquor. He won't taste the stuff. Inside of five minutes he'll be as sound as a bell."

"But when the captain woke up in the mornin' and found both me and his wallet gone he'd put the police on my trail for a certainty."

"Of course he would. He knows he couldn't find the school where you told him his little girl is learning the extras and so forth without you took him there as you promised to do in the morning," chuckled the lawyer. "It might be kind of awkward if you found a detective waiting to arrest you when the boat reached Fort Wayne. That might happen whether you took that \$1,000 or not. The captain is just the kind of man to move heaven and earth to find his little girl, as he calls her. You're in a bad hole, Dan; much worse than I thought. If I was in your shoes I'd make sure that the captain wouldn't bother me any more."

"How would you do it?"

"How? Easy enough. After I had drugged him, and taken the pocketbook, I'd drop him into the river. The tide will carry him down stream."

"You'd murder him?" shivered Scully.

"Dead men tell no tales, Dan," whispered Parsons. "Dead men don't give chase after steamboats. Dead men never turn up at unwelcome times to ask awkward questions that you can't answer without incriminating yourself."

He saw that no matter what course he pursued to escape Captain Drummond he would always be in danger as long as his brother-in-law was alive and well.

"Can't you think of no way to help me out except that?" he said with a shiver.

"I don't know of anything else that is half so sure," replied the lawyer.

At that moment Fred, who had listened eagerly to every word spoken by the two men, shifted the weight of his body from one foot to the other, and in doing so shoved the latter foot forward.

Possibly the slight noise he made might have escaped notice but for the fact that he unfortunately stepped on a wayward match.

In a moment there was a sharp crack and a blaze of light.

Dan Scully and the lawyer started as if some venomous reptile had bitten them unexpectedly in the dark and looked in the direction of the sound and flash.

The momentary illumination lit up the form of the boy staring at them.

Scully flashed a match which revealed Fred in the act of creeping past them.

The two rascals flung themselves upon the boy and bore him to the floor.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### LOOMED TO DEATH.

Fred put up a vigorous resistance, but having been taken somewhat by surprise, coupled with the odds against him, Dan Scully alone being more than his equal, he was soon lying flat on his back at the mercy of the two men.

"Strike a light, Dan, and let's see who he is," said the lawyer.

Scully struck a match and held the flame close to Fred's face.

With a gasp of astonishment he recognized the young inventor of Greenlawn—the boy he had thrown from the tall chimney and whose life had been spared in such a miraculous way.

"So it's you, is it?" he gritted savagely.

"Who is it, Dan?" asked Parsons, for Scully's exclamation seemed to indicate that he knew the young boy.

"A young whelp from Greenlawn," gritted Scully. "He's taken a shine to my niece and has come to this town to get her away from me."

"Look here, young man, what do you mean by spying around here in the dark?" asked the lawyer, releasing his hold on Fred's neck a bit so he could answer.

"I haven't been spying," answered Fred doggedly.

"Did you hear what we were talking about? No lies, now."

"I did."

"What's to be done with him? We can't let him go, for he knows too much."

"Do you mean we must kill him?" gasped Scully, who, bad as he was, had heretofore drawn a line at blood spilling.

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature."

"Maybe we can swear him to silence."

"We can't afford to take chances. If he hadn't accidentally stepped on that match he'd have had us where the hair is short; now we've got him dead to rights. We must not lose our advantage. Get a long piece of line, Dan, and a towel. We'll bind and gag him. Then we'll take him down among the piles and tie him to one of them. There we'll leave him to fight it out with the tide."

"He'll be found there in the mornin', and suspicion will fall on me, especially as the police will learn that I have left for parts unknown."

"Why should he be found here in the morning? It's high tide at one o'clock. A few minutes will settle his account with the world. As soon as we're sure we have nothing to fear from him we can cut him loose and let him float away. He'll be miles down the river when he's found. With no marks of violence on him the verdict of the jury will be death by drowning—fell into the river or committed suicide."

"I wish there was some other way of dealin' with him," said Scully reluctantly.

"There isn't any other way," replied the lawyer sharply. "It's his life against our safety. Get the rope and the towel, and be lively about it."

"Can you hold him? He's a stout lad."

"Strike another match, Dan, and I'll show you."

Scully struck the match.

"Catch him by the throat so he can't yell."

Jessie's uncle did so.

Parsons put his hand in his breast pocket and drew out an ugly-looking knife.

Opening the big blade he held the point within an inch of Fred's eyes.

"See that, you young spy? Utter one cry, or make a struggle, and I'll jab it into your heart—understand?"

Fred understood, for in the expiring gleam of the match he saw the glint of murder in the lawyer's eye, and he felt the scoundrel would make good his threat.

"Now, go, Dan, and don't waste any time," added Parsons to his confederate, and Scully slinked away in the dark.

During the short space of time that the proprietor of the house was away Fred's mind was busy with the desperate position in which he found himself placed.

The presence of that knife which he couldn't see, yet which he instinctively felt was poised above his heart, held him in subjection.

In a few minutes Scully returned with a towel and a length of clothesline.

With the help of the lawyer he gagged the boy and bound his arms behind his back.

Then they pulled him on his feet, forced him out through the rear door of the entry on a small landing with stairs leading down into the mud and water.

A small boat was tied to the stairs and into this they dragged the boy.

Catching hold of the outer line of piles they drew the boat under the barking as far as the second line of wooden supports.

A heavy beam ran horizontally across there.

It was dark with no stars and covered with slimy greener weeds to which were attached here and there bunches of small black mussels.



The high tide mark showed plainly more than a foot above this beam.

The two men laid Fred upon this support and bound him as securely as possible to it.

"How do you like your bed?" chuckled the lawyer. "Do you hear the lapping of the water? It is rising inch by inch. By and by you'll find it under your back. When it reaches your mouth it will put you to sleep, and that will finish you. This is what you get for butting in where you are not wanted. Now good-night, and pleasant dreams to you."

The boat floated away, carrying the two rascals in it.

In a few moments the lawyer retired to the stairs and stepped out, followed by Scully.

After that nothing broke the silence but the ripple of the water as it eddied around the score or two of piles surrounding him.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### WHAT JESSIE SAW IN THE PUBLIC ROOM.

Now that Fred found himself alone and face to face with his fate he did not waste any of the precious moments of his allotted span of life in worrying over his desperate and apparently hopeless situation, but resorted to instant action in the endeavor to outwit his enemies and save his own life.

There is an ancient saying, the groundwork of one of Aesop's fables, that "Heaven helps those who help themselves," and Fred, though he had never heard of it, proceeded to put it into practice.

He had no intention of tamely submitting to the murderous designs of the two scoundrels in the building above his head.

So he began a struggle with the bonds that held him a prisoner to the cross-beam.

In his first efforts to free his hands from the line he cut his fingers on the sharp shells of a bunch of mussels he was lying on.

While resting for a few minutes the smarting of the cuts put an idea into his head.

He determined to see if he could fray the rope across the shells.

While he was thus engaged Dan Scully was mixing a hot drink at the bar for Captain Drummond, who had announced his intention of returning to his hotel, there to await Dan's appearance in the morning with a buggy to take him to the imaginary boarding-school where he supposed his daughter Jessie was finishing her education.

Into the hot drink Scully put a sufficient quantity of chloral, or "knock-out drops," to paralyze the honest skipper's faculties.

Noah Parsons stood by the little window opening into the entry and watched his associate in guilt prepare the drink that was to render the skipper an easy prey to their villainy.

But for the fact that Scully knew that the lawyer was watching his every action he might have wavered in his purpose.

While these events were taking place downstairs Jessie Drummond was in her room on the top floor replacing the few things she had taken out of her trunk after her hurried return from Greenlawn.

Mother Meiggs, after supper, had informed her that the three of them were going to leave Toledo in the morning early, and that she must get her things ready for moving.

The old woman made no explanation of this sudden change in their affairs, and Jessie knew that it would be useless to ask her.

Little did she dream, as she packed her few meager possessions, that her father, whom she had about given up as dead, was at that moment downstairs in the public room talking to his treacherous brother-in-law.

Her thoughts were busy, not with her occupation, but with the bright boy whose life she had saved from the river near Greenlawn, and who she supposed was still in that little village.

She treasured every word he had spoken to her, every glance he had given her that fateful morning, and her young heart reached out to him in mute appeal.

Her heart intuitively told her that she could trust him implicitly, but she hardly dared hope she would ever see him again.

As she dwelt on his offer of a home and protection and

his plucky efforts to save her from Mother Meiggs and her uncle she cried softly to herself.

The longer she thought about him, and the prospect of never seeing him again, the worse she felt.

At length her feelings overpowered her and she grew desperate.

She did not know where Scully was going to take her this time, but she was sure it would be far from Greenlawn.

"I can't bear the idea of never seeing Fred again," she moaned. "He is the only friend I have in the world. If I lose him I want to die. He is so good, so brave. I feel that I love him very dearly, though I only met him once. Oh, dear! I cannot let these wicked people take me where I shall never, never hear of him again. Oh, father, father, if you had only lived how different everything would be!"

She burst into a passionate flood of tears, which, instead of calming her, served to render her more desperate.

At last she sprang to her feet, with a new resolve blazing in her eyes.

"I will dare all and run away this very night—now."

She seized her hat, opened her door and listened.

She heard Mother Meiggs moving about in her own room.

Softly passing out into the corridor, she slipped over to the stairway.

She flew noiselessly down the two flights and ran to the entry door.

Her heart sank when she found it locked and the key gone.

The only other way out was through the public room, and she supposed her uncle was there, and would most assuredly see and head her off.

She went to the door leading into the room, determined to see where Scully was.

As she was about to open it slightly it occurred to her that the small window, the same that Parsons had used to overhear what was going on between his confederate and the captain, would answer her purpose better.

So she went to the window, and opening it a little peeked into the public room.

What she saw startled her and took away her breath.

At a table within a few feet of the window were three persons.

One was her uncle, and at his elbow, bending over him like a bird of ill omen, was Noah Parsons, a man she feared and detested.

The third person was a heavily-bearded stranger, for she did not recognize him as her father, leaning in an apparently drunken stupor over the table.

Scully was stooping above the unconscious stranger in the act of drawing a thick wallet from his inside pocket.

Never before had she seen such a rascally look on her uncle's countenance.

Jessie watched the robbery of the senseless man like one in a dream.

As soon as Scully got the pocketbook in his fingers he and Parsons fell back in their chairs as if controlled by one piece of mechanism.

"Open it, Dan; open it, and let us count the cash," said the lawyer eagerly.

Scully lost no time in doing so, and then Jessie saw that it was full of money.

Her uncle took the bills from their receptacle and began to count them.

"There's more than a thousand, Dan!" cried Parsons as Scully proceeded. "They're all fifties. Maybe there's two thousand. Think of that, Dan—a thousand apiece!"

Suddenly the bills changed from fifty-dollar ones to double that value.

The lawyer half sprang forward.

"Hundreds, Dan! They're coming in hundreds now!" he cried. "Maybe they'll run higher. Maybe we shall find a couple of \$500 ones. What a great thing it is to have one's brother-in-law, whom you thought dead and buried in the sea, come back alive and hearty with a wad of money for you to take charge of and divide with your old pal, Noah Parsons! Ah, it is beautiful—beautiful! Over \$3,000, and still they come! It will never do for him to wake up and learn he has lost his money. No, no; dead men sleep soundly, Dan. They never wake up to ask unpleasant questions. It will soon be high tide in the river. We'll send him to keep that young spy company. But before we get rid of him it will be well to make sure that he doesn't escape the water a second time," said the lawyer in a hoarse whisper, taking his clasp-knife from his pocket and opening the ugly blade.



"No, no, Parsons!" cried Scully, laying one hand on his arm. "I won't have it."

"Fool! Are you mad?" hissed Parsons, glaring balefully at his companion.

"Mad! No, I'm not mad; but I should be if I helped you kill the husband of my dead sister—the father of Jessie upstairs, who came into this crib to-night lookin' for her, only to be drugged and robbed by the man he trusted."

As the last word fell from his lips a shrill scream awoke the echoes of the room.

The two rascals turned panic-stricken to see the face of Jessie Drummond framed in the little window, staring at them in frantic horror.

## CHAPTER XV.

### EXIT MR. SCULLY.

Noah Parsons was the first to recover from the shock produced by Jessie's scream, and with an imprecation, before Scully made a move, he rushed into the entry and seizing the shrieking girl, dragged her into the public room.

"Be quiet, or it'll be worse for you!" hissed the lawyer in the terrified girl's ear.

He seized her by the throat and one arm and dragged her toward the table.

Scully, who had been dazed by the unexpected appearance of his niece and her outcries, now came out of his trance.

"What are you goin' to do, Parsons?" he cried. "Give me the girl!"

"She's got to die and go into the river with her father!" snarled the lawyer.

"Kill Jessie! No, no!" objected Scully.

"You fool! There is no other course. She is a witness against us, for she has seen all and knows all."

He reached for his clasp-knife as he spoke.

The sight of the gleaming blade maddened Scully, and with a roar he rushed at the lawyer.

His foot caught in the captain's legs and he pitched forward straight at the pool table, like a stone from a catapult.

His temple came into contact with the sharp edge of the table and he fell to the floor like a log, rolled over and lay as still as a dead man.

The lawyer, holding Jessie, bent over the edge of the table and glared down at him.

Scully's mishap rattled him for the moment and his fingers slipped away from the girl's throat.

Jessie immediately gave utterance to another thrilling scream.

That aroused the lawyer to a sense of his danger, and with a terrible imprecation he grabbed the knife.

Jessie read her fate in his eyes and screamed despairingly.

At that tense moment the side door was thrown open and Fred, wet, with bleeding hands and disordered clothing, dashed into the room.

With a cry he sprang upon the lawyer, seized the wrist of the uplifted arm and arrested the blow.

As Parsons turned upon him he struck the rascal with his left a blow in the face that caused him to loosen his grasp on Jessie and fall to the floor.

"Fred Knowles!" screamed the half-fainting girl as he caught her in his arms and placed his foot on the knife, which had slipped from the lawyer's fingers.

Parsons sprang up like a maddened tiger and faced the boy.

"You—you!" he gurgled as he recognized the youth he had supposed was at his last gasp among the piles underneath the building.

"Yes, it's me, you scoundrel!" retorted Fred.

At that moment there was a noise at the front door which Scully had locked before he and Parsons started to rob Captain Drummond.

The door was shaken and then a heavy boot struck it a blow that caused it to shiver on its hinges.

"Open! Open in the name of the law!" shouted an authoritative voice that mingled with the murmurs of a gathering mob outside.

"The police!" snarled Parsons. "I must escape!"

He slipped around Fred and Jessie and made a grab for the two piles of money on the table.

The boy released the girl and caught the lawyer by the arm, preventing him from accomplishing his object.

In making this movement he stepped off the knife.

The baffled villain tore himself away from Fred's grasp and made a swoop at the weapon.

As he seized it the front door gave way with a crash and two policemen rushed in, followed by several of the crowd.

Fred struck Parsons' arm with his foot and the knife went flying toward the bar.

With a cry of baffled fury the lawyer dashed from the room through the side door, made for the back entrance of the entry, ran down the steps to the boat, cast off the rope, and, seizing the oars, pushed off into the river.

As the policemen advanced into the room Fred faced them, while Jessie threw her arms around the unconscious captain she now knew to be her father, and begged him to look up and speak to her.

"What's the trouble here?" demanded the foremost officer. "Looks as if there has been murder done," as his eyes rested a moment on the senseless Captain Drummond and then took in the motionless form of Scully, bleeding from the cut over his temple made by the sharp corner of the pool table. "See if that man is dead, Barney," he said to his companion. "Stand back, there!" he added to the crowd.

"Dead as a coffin-nail," replied Barney, after an examination of Jessie's uncle. "It's Scully, the proprietor of this joint."

"It is, eh? Turned up his toes at last. I always thought he'd die with his boots on. Take a squint at the man at the table. He looks like a subject for the undertaker, too. Now, young man," turning to Fred, "if you want to make a statement you can do so, but I warn you that whatever you say may be used against you."

Fred could only tell what had happened after he entered the room.

"What you say may be so or it may not. You're under arrest, and you can tell your story to the magistrate tomorrow morning," said the officer, as a third policeman pushed his way forward through the mob.

"I haven't done anything to be arrested," replied Fred indignantly. "I saved that girl's life. Ask her if I didn't."

Before the boy could utter another protest a pair of handcuffs were snapped on his wrists.

The two policemen pushed the curious crowd into the street with their clubs, and while Henry stood guard at the door, Barney went to the corner to phone the station-house.

Officer Barney had assured the weeping Jessie that her father was simply drugged and would be all right in the morning, and she now turned to the brave boy who had squared his debt to her by saving her own life.

"Fred, Fred, how is it you are here? You came just in time to save my life and that of my dear father," she said, looking at him with grateful eyes.

"Your father, Jessie! I thought he was lost at sea."

"So I have thought for years," she replied; "but heaven has brought him back to me. He is so changed that I did not know him until the conversation between Mr. Scully and that hateful Noah Parsons——"

"Noah Parsons!" ejaculated the officer. "Was he the man who left this room in such a hurry?"

"Yes," answered the girl. "He is a villain."

"I agree with you. He's been under suspicion for a long time. He's got a strong pull in certain quarters, and that has protected him; but I think we have him trapped at last."

"How came you to be in this house, Fred?" asked Jessie, returning to her question.

Fred explained, in as few words as possible, about the robbery of his invention, how he had chased the thief to Toledo, and finally to that house, telling how he had managed to recover it, and how his escape had been blocked by the lawyer.

While he was telling his story the officer took charge of the money on the table and put it in his pocket to be turned in at the station-house.

At that moment the patrol wagon drove up with several more policemen.

Scully's body and the unconscious captain were loaded into it, and Fred and the girl were told to get in, too.

The building was left in charge of an officer and the wagon, with its live and dead freight, was driven to the station-house.



When Captain Drummond came to his senses in the morning he was astonished to find himself in the stationhouse.

An officer partially explained matters to him, and he became greatly excited, declaring that there must be some mistake.

"I have come to take you before the captain," said the officer. "Talk to him."

The police captain asked the skipper to explain how he happened to be in such a notorious crib as the "Mariners' Snug Harbor" the night before.

Captain Drummond explained the reason of his visit.

"So Dan Scully was your brother-in-law?" said the surprised officer.

"Was? He is."

"No, he isn't any more. He's dead."

"Dead!" ejaculated the skipper.

Captain Drummond was staggered.

The captain called an officer and ordered him to bring the girl to the office.

The moment the skipper laid eyes on her he recognized her, and father and child were locked in each other's embrace.

Jessie told her story and her father was thunder struck.

The police captain was so impressed by her narrative that he released her from custody.

She then appealed for Fred's release, but the officer said he'd have to leave the matter to the magistrate.

Three hours later Jessie repeated her story in court, the skipper told his, and Fred made his own explanations, which embraced his movements from the moment he discovered that his invention had been stolen.

The magistrate was satisfied and discharged him from custody.

A bench warrant was issued for Noah Parsons' arrest and that ended the case.

Captain Drummond was deeply grateful to Fred for saving his child's life, and took him to the Jefferson Hotel with Jessie.

The skipper insisted that he should remain a few days

with them in Toledo, and to this proposal Fred had no objection, particularly as the police notified him that he would be required to appear against Parsons when he was caught.

We may as well say right here that the foxy lawyer never was caught.

During the short time that the Little Wizard remained in Toledo he and Jessie were constantly together, and Captain Drummond watched their growing attachment with a favorable eye, for he had taken a great fancy to Fred.

Finally the police permitted the young people to leave the city, so Fred went back to Greenlawn, while Captain Drummond took his daughter to New York.

Before they parted Fred and Jessie confessed their love for each other, and she promised to be his wife some day.

The young inventor resumed his duties at the works, and wrote two letters a week to Jessie, receiving a like number in return.

About the time the new factory was finished by Jordan & Jellicot, Fred received word from Washington that Patent No. — had been granted to him.

He immediately entered into correspondence with the company that had bought his first patent, and his offer to dispose of this one on a royalty was accepted.

After the manufacture of his combination knife got well under way he became the recipient of a large and steady income from its sale.

About this time Captain Drummond and Jessie visited Greenlawn.

They found Fred just completing a handsome house, which he said was to be Jessie's wedding present, but he guessed his mother and the captain could find room for themselves in it, too.

At any rate, they did, for Fred and Jessie were married soon afterward and went to Washington on their honeymoon, for Fred was especially anxious to pay several visits to the Patent Office.

Next week's issue will contain "AFTER THE GOLDEN EAGLES; OR, A LUCKY YOUNG WALL STREET BROKER."

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"Help! Help! Help!" shouted Milt, fighting desperately with Molini.

Toot! went the engine's whistle, the man in the cab signaling for the removal of the obstruction that his headlight showed him on the track ahead.

Toot! toot! too-oo-oo-oot!

In the next instant the engineer got a glimpse of the desperate fight going on beside the hand-car, and now the whistle was sounding the train crew forward.

Quite a crowd of people were leaving the train.

These saw the trainmen running forward.

On the air, at the same time, came Milt's persistent:

"Help, help, help!"

"You fool! I givea you da death wound!" hissed Molini.

Despite Milt and Chub's hardest efforts to pinion him, Molini got one hand free, and steel flashed in the air.

It was being driven toward Milt's neck.

Our hero dodged back—had to, to save his life.

In the same instant, with a swift upheaval, Molini shook Chub off, driving that youngster back by a flourish of that long-bladed knife.

Up and off went Molini like a flash, darting down the railroad embankment and into the scrub growth of woods beyond.

"What's wanted?" shouted a voice, as half a dozen men, four of them train-men, came dashing up.

"Catch that Italian!" yelled Milt. "He's just taken to the scrub. You can catch him. He's wanted for setting off an infernal machine at Westford. He just tried to kill us, too!"

"Which way did he go?" asked one man, who was not in railway uniform, but on whose breast a police badge flashed.

Milt pointed the direction, adding:

"You can catch him."

Down the bank and into the brush rushed all six of the men.

Milt would have followed, but the train fireman caught him roughly.

"What have you fellows got that handcar in our way for?" demanded the fireman.

"We can explain when we catch that Italian," panted Milt, trying to free himself from the grip. "Let me go. I want to help catch him."

"You'll catch a bunch of Italians if you go through that scrub woods," broke in a man who had come up with the crowd of passengers. "About a quarter of a mile away through there there's a colony of them who work on the railroad."

"Let me go," insisted Milt fiercely. But a shout came from among the scrub trees:

"We've got him!"

"That's Constable Penstock," spoke up the same man. "Penstock catches anything he goes after. And Officer Holly is with him."

So Milt ceased struggling, waiting for the officers and trainmen to bring their captive out of the woods.

"What on earth brought such a crowd of folks

on that train to this little country town?" Chub asked, curiously, of the man who had been speaking.

"Shopping excursion from here to Royalton to-night," nodded the informant. "Penstock and Holly were on the excursion, too. Good thing they were! The fellow exploded an infernal machine, you say?"

For now Milt was explaining fast the deed for which Molini was wanted.

"Here they come with him!"

Out of the scrub woods came the party of six captors, leading an Italian who looked frightened to death.

But Milt gave a gasp of dismay.

"You've got some one else from the Italian colony over yonder," our hero cried disappointedly. "Molini has a dark beard and wore a black coat. This fellow has a light coat and is smooth-shaven."

"Did you pass any other Italian in the woods?" demanded Constable Penstock.

But the Italian only stared dumbly at his captors, pretending he did not understand English.

"Come, men, hustle this handcar off!" ordered the conductor. "We've got time to make up to-night!"

"Let this fellow go," urged Officer Holly, and Penstock complied.

The crowd had to scatter for a few moments while the trainmen shunted the handcar aside and the passenger train moved on.

Just an instant, though, after the conductor's order, the two constables and our two young friends hurried down the embankment.

No one noticed particularly which way the late prisoner went.

"Come," said Penstock, "we'll spread out through the woods, and go through as far as the Italian colony yonder."

The two officers were in the center of the line, Chub to the right and Milt to the left as they proceeded.

As they went forward, they spread out a little more, so that there was a space of between thirty and forty yards between each and the one nearest to him.

They moved slowly, exploring every bit of ground as well as they could, for Molini might be hovering near by instead of running.

Milt heard a rustle as he went past a clump of bushes.

He saw the flash of a white coat against the darkness of the night.

So swiftly was the thing done that that was all he knew until he found himself on his back, the gleaming eyes of the smooth-faced Italian glaring into his own, while the assailant's grip fairly strangled the boy and made his brain swim.

"So I foola you when I taka off him false beard and turna my coat inside-out?" chuckled the Italian savagely. "You say I nota Molini—ha! I show you dat I am. You foola, now I paya my bill with you!"

(To be continued.)



## CURRENT NEWS

A chicken snake took a chance at a door knob which J. W. Tabor, who lives near Colesman, Tex., had placed in his henhouse as a "nest egg." Finding his snakeship writing in agony Mr. Tabor put him out of his misery with a club.

A six-foot blacksnake fell from the belfry of the Riverton (Md.) Methodist Church onto the shoulders of Sexton Benjamin F. Kennerly, while the latter was ringing the bell. After a lively chase the snake was cornered in the church auditorium and killed. It evidently had made its home in the belfry and fed on birds which roost there.

What is believed to be the largest pearl ever found in the Maumee River is now on display. It weighs 7½ grains and has a white luster of perfect finish. It was found near Napoleon, O., by Mrs. H. E. Sell while she and her husband were dragging for clams for bait. But for a slight flattening on one side the gem would be a perfect specimen.

A message hidden in an old shoe by Charles R. Hill, who took his life in Hills Valley, Utah, directed his sister to a spot at the base of a tree where \$2,400 in gold was found. Hill was an eccentric recluse, who lived in the foothills named after him. He left an estate valued at about \$50,000.

A pear tree on Plum street, Macon, Ga., caused a family quarrel and it was given an airing in the Recorder's Court. Mrs. Annie Rosky, Horace Weems and Bruce Williams were the principals and the issue was over the Weems family gathering pears from a tree on a vacant lot. The other families objected and a sharp verbal conflict took place which all the neighbors heard. Weems produced a letter showing he had permission to gather the fruit, and this settled the case so far as the Recorder was concerned.

The trunks containing liquor shipped as baggage into Birmingham, Ala., in defiance of law, are likely to get their owners into all sorts of trouble, provided the said owners can be located; and to assist in bagging owners and baggage alike employees of the railroads and express companies are to be enlisted. The City Commission has passed an ordinance offering a reward of \$3 to any employee of a railroad or express company for information that will lead to seizure of a trunk containing liquor brought into the city in violation of the federal statutes.

The 100-inch mirror of the new Mount Wilson reflector, the largest telescope in the world, was taken from the shops in Pasadena, where it was ground and figured, to the top of the mountain on

July 1st. It was carefully packed in a large octagonal box, lined with paraffin to make it dustproof, and placed on a specially constructed truck geared to a maximum speed of two miles an hour. A pilot truck preceded the one carrying the mirror, and a number of men also went ahead to repair, if necessary, any weak spots in the road.

A sword, broken and rusty, but with the hilt intact, said to have been bathed in the water of the Pacific by Balboa centuries ago, is among the prized relics of the United States Marine Corps. The weapon was found in the grip of a dead revolutionary leader by a marine during the rebel uprising in Nicaragua in 1912. It formerly reposed in a museum at Leon. At that time the steel of the sword was in fairly good condition and could be bent double without breaking, after four centuries of use. According to traditions, Balboa killed many natives with it prior to his discovery of the Pacific.

At Nagasaki, Japan, Manuel Neumoir, a bandsman attached to the 13th United States Infantry, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment and fined 3,000 yen after conviction on the charge of inflicting fatal injuries on a Japanese tradesman. The complaint admitted that the crime was not intentional and that it occurred during intoxication. In escaping from the police Neumoir is said to have knocked over a toilet powder manufacturer. It was alleged that the Japanese was kicked and that he received internal injuries from which he died five hours later. The public prosecutor recommended penal servitude for ten years. The fine was imposed in connection with a civil action instituted by the family of the victim.

A Paris scientist, M. Chas. Lambert, has devised a method of writing which will be very useful for blind persons, especially mutilated persons who have lost their hands or forearms, the reading of the signs being done by a specially designed electrical device. In the first place the characters composing the text are printed in Morse alphabet by the same method as is employed for producing letters in relief on letter paper, that is, by printing with a thick paste which then solidifies and leaves a raised letter. This method now replaces the old embossing process where cost is an item, for it is much cheaper. The only difference from the usual Morse alphabet is to place the dashes vertically instead of horizontally. Reading of these characters can then be done by persons deprived of their hands, by the use of a very simple electric device which is run over the characters in relief which are printed with a special metallic ink.



# THE CAVE OF GOLD

—OR—

## THE BOY MINERS OF THE ROCKIES

By ED KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER XIII (Continued).

They coiled up the rope and made their way to the camp, the Indian accompanying them.

The youths had not had any breakfast as yet, and so George went to work and cooked breakfast, and they ate heartily.

"What white boys doin' up here in mountains?" queried Creeping Panther, glancing curiously about the place.

"We're miners," replied Bob.

"You no have foun' good place to work yet?"

They shook their heads.

"You are right, we haven't," said Bob.

"Don't know much 'bout minin', mebbby?"

"Not very much."

"Boys no fin' good place by selves. No know where to go. Mebbby Injun show white boys good place, ugh."

They regarded him eagerly.

"Would you?" cried George.

"Do you know a good place?" asked Sam.

The redskin nodded.

"Injun know heap good place," he said.

"And you'll guide us to it?" from Bob.

"Ugh!" with a nod.

"Good for you, Creeping Panther!"

The redskin smiled as though pleased.

"Nobody but Creeping Panther know the place," he said. "We wait till after dark an' then we go. We slip away so bad white men no see which way we go."

"That's a good plan. They might be spying on us," said Bob.

The others nodded assent.

It was a long day, but it passed at last. They had feared that perhaps the band of ruffians under Eugene Carroll might return, but it did not. When at last night had settled over all, they packed up their belongings and set out, guided by Creeping Panther.

They moved slowly, for the country was strange to the three boys, and there were places where a mis-step might have sent them tumbling down two or three hundred feet.

After about an hour of toiling along through the mountains, they came to a stop in a deep, narrow ravine, along which rippled a little mountain stream

so narrow that one might run and leap across it without much difficulty.

The ravine was perhaps two hundred yards wide, and at one side was quite a thick growth of scrubby pine trees and smaller bushes.

In the heart of the thicket was a rude little cabin made by piling up bark off the trees, and over the top was a lot of brush, weighted down by more bark.

"This one place where I stay a good deal," said Creeping Panther; "but white boys welcome to stay here."

"And is there gold near here?" asked George.

"Ugh! In little creek. Lots uv it. Hundreds uv little yellow lumps, big as buckshot, mebbby."

"Say, that will be great!" said George.

"And may we get all we want?" asked Sam.

"Ugh! White boys git all um want. They Creeping Panther's frien's."

"Thank you, Creeping Panther!" said Bob.

"White boys welcome. You giv' Creeping Panther grub when um hungry. No can eat little gold pebbles, ugh!"

"No, but you can buy food with them," said Sam.

"Not out on trail, long way from camp."

"That's so."

"Any danger that those ruffians may find us here?" queried George.

"No think so."

"All right; we'll hope that they won't, anyhow."

They lay down presently and went to sleep, and slept soundly till morning, for the walk had tired them.

Bob cooked breakfast next morning, and Creeping Panther added some dried venison to the fare.

They ate heartily and then accompanied the Indian to the bank of the little creek.

Creeping Panther took one of the shovels and waded into the water till near the center of the stream. It was not more than knee-deep. He scooped up a shovelful of sand and gravel off the bottom of the creekbed and carried it out on the shore and dumped it on the top of a large flat rock.

Then he spread it out with his hands till it lay thin on the surface of the rock, and instantly a number of dully glowing lumps, or nuggets the size of buckshot, were seen.

He picked these out, and when he had finished,



he had at least a teaspoonful lying in the palm of his hand.

"There; that all from one shovelful," he said. "White boys can git lot in whole day."

"I should say so!" cried Bob.

"But is there plenty of it?" asked George. "Won't we soon exhaust the supply?"

"Plenty, all up an' down creek," with a wave of the hand. "No peter out. Heap lots, ugh!"

Bob and his two comrades shook hands with the Indian and told him he was all right and a good fellow.

"You surely are being good to us!" said Bob.

"White boy good to Injun," said Creeping Panther, simply. "Giv' um grub when um heap hungry an' long way frum camp."

"Oh, that was nothing. It was my duty to do that."

"Ugh!" with a nod; "an' it Creeping Panther's duty to give white boys heap uv little yellow pebbles. Injun do um duty, same as white boy."

"Well, we're glad you're built that way," grinned Sam.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### MORE MINERS APPEAR.

After dinner that day Creeping Panther told the youths that he had to go away.

"Be gone week, mebbly two," he said. "White boys stay here long as you want to."

"All right, and thank you, Creeping Panther," said Bob.

Then the Indian took his departure.

The three sat down to rest an hour before returning to work, and they discussed the present situation with interest.

They were well pleased to be where they could gather in a lot of gold. Their trip up into this region would not be barren of results, even if they failed to find the cave of gold.

"But we are not going to fail to find the cave," declared George.

"Not if it is in existence," said Sam.

"We'll keep on looking for it, at any rate," declared Bob.

"That's the talk!"

"How will we work it?" queried George. "If we all go to work looking for the cave of gold it will be about like giving up a certainty for an uncertainty, won't it?"

"It would be," agreed Bob; "but we are not going to do it that way."

"What is your plan, then?"

"Why, two of us will stay here and work at mining the gold out of the creek, while the other will go in search of the cave of gold."

"And we'll take turns at it, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, that sounds all right."

"We will all stay here and work this afternoon; but in the morning one will go in search of the cave."

This suited all three, and they went back to the creek and went to work.

They did very well indeed that afternoon, and had a nice lot of little nuggets when evening came.

When they sized up the amount they had secured that day, they became somewhat excited.

"Jove, we'll get rich even if we don't find the cave of gold!" exclaimed George.

"Yes, a month or two here ought to enable us to secure enough gold to make us independent for life," agreed Sam.

They had worked hard that day, and they slept soundly that night. They were up early next morning, and after breakfast Bob said:

"Well, who's going to look for the cave of gold?"

"We'll leave that for you to say," replied George.

"That's right," nodded Sam.

"Very well, then; you go in search of the mine to-day, Sam."

"All right."

"George will go to-morrow, and I will go the day after, and we can keep on then rotating in that fashion."

"That will be all right," said Sam.

George rolled up some food, placed it in a knapsack, slung this over his shoulder and set out. Bob and Sam went to the creek and began work.

They worked hard all day with good success, and George got back just as Sam was finishing cooking supper.

"What luck, George?" asked Bob.

George shook his head.

"None, eh?"

"Not a bit."

"Oh, well, we mustn't expect to find the cave at once and without any trouble."

"That's so; and I tell you I'm mighty glad that we are mining gold here. This is a certainty, while the finding of the cave is quite an uncertainty."

The youths worked away for a week, and took turns searching for the cave of gold. They steadily increased their store of little nuggets, but did not find the cave.

One day, about the middle of the afternoon, Bob and Sam were working away like good fellows. George was out searching for the cave. Bob happened to look down the gulch, and gave utterance to an exclamation of amazement and dismay.

"Great guns, Sam!" he cried; "look yonder!"

Sam straightened up and looked down the gulch.

"Phew!" he whistled. "I guess we are going to have competition, old man!"

"It looks that way."

"And we can't keep them away, you know."

"No, they have as much right here as we have."

"I suppose so; though this was the discovery of Creeping Panther, and he gave us permission to mine here."

(To be continued.)



# NEWS OF THE DAY

## BOY DIVES WITH PORPOISE

Diving among a school of porpoises was the unique experience of H. W. White, nineteen-year-old son of the Rev. W. White of Anaheim, Cal. Young White was crossing the channel and was eight miles from the island in a punt when a school of porpoises surrounded the boat.

One of the leaping acrobats came so close that in avoiding the fish the punt was capsized and man and fish went under the water together. White managed to right the punt and climb back in again, and with the aid of a frying pan as a bucket dipped out the water and finally rowed the punt to shore.

arms is partly compensated by a game heart and a staunch backbone. He proved his mettle a few weeks ago in a way that contributed something to the tradition of the American boy. There is inspiration in the story, and it not only deserves circulation but is worthy of the thoughts of older fellows than John Curran, who swims with his legs only, says Popular Mechanics. A little youngster, 8 years old, was playing with his small brother on a breakwater in Lake Michigan. When he toppled over and fell into the water, the other boy ran screaming to a nearby group of playmates. It was the armless chap, however, who faced the test. He raced to the edge of the breakwater, leaped into the lake, and swam to the place where the child appeared for the third time. Using his teeth, he grabbed the boy and struggled shoreward. Efforts to revive the little fellow proved futile and he died before an ambulance reached him. But the pluck of John Curran should live.

## A THREE-EYED MONSTER

Millions of years ago man had an eye on the back of his head to enable him to see the terrible reptiles and weird flying things which were apt to approach him from the rear, according to certain scientists. This eye was thought to be at the top of his spine. The only living proof of the theory is the almost extinct animal called the Tuatara. A specimen was given to the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, recently, through the courtesy of a New Zealand statesman, says American Boy.

The Tuatara appears something like a lizard, but it is two feet long, and has four strong, five-toed legs. It has a thick body with a loose, scaly skin and a fringed crest extending down the back. The most uncanny feature about it is a wide open, staring, third eye. It lives in a burrow lined with grass. In the daytime the Tuatara sleeps in its underground home, coming forth only at night to seek its food in the shape of insects, small lizards, frogs,

snails, mice and worms. In captivity it is fed on raw meat, and it thrives on this food.

The New Zealand natives have always used the animal for food, and claim it makes a tasty stew.

## SHIP CRUISED THROUGH A CALIFORNIA TOWN

Now that Sculptor Robert Paine of Berkeley, Cal., has completed his ship, he doesn't know what to do with it. He blames the war for his quandary, and well he may, for if it had not come, he might be sailing somewhere out in the Atlantic. He started work on the boat shortly before the outbreak of the war, planning to sail through the Panama Canal and across the Atlantic to Spain, where he had a commission to do sculpturing.

This isn't an ordinary ship, as the people of Berkeley now realize. They got their first look at it when Mr. Paine, somewhat after the manner of the man who builds a dog kennel in the cellar and has to tear the house down to get it out, decided to put the vessel in the water. Most of the house movers in town thought it couldn't be done, but one was found who was willing to try anything once.

It was a task similar to moving an Indian juggernaut. The strange vessel had to be loaded on skids supported by four steel wheels in front and four in the rear, the entire apparatus being hauled by a five-ton motor truck. The ship is built along the lines of an ancient Roman galley, with a length of 55 feet and a beam of 11 feet, and as it moved down the street every modern improvement had to be removed in anticipation. A house was pushed aside, fences were taken down and telephone and electric light wires were cut.

The whole town—and the University of California is located at Berkeley—came out to watch this strange house moving stunt accomplished. Piloted by the house mover, the shoals of electric light, trolley and telephones wires were safely passed, and the odd craft was soon in its natural element. During the trip to the bay shore Captain Paine paced the deck impatiently, for there is still much to be done before the classic vessel is ready for launching.

Mr. Paine, who gained fame for his work in modeling the little fountain in front the Palace of Fine Arts at the San Francisco Exposition last year, conceived the idea of a boat of classic lines and with his own hands built every rib of her. The ship is 20 feet from keel to foredeck and is to be equipped with square sails after the style of the craft of long ago. However, for safety, a modern engine will be installed to help out in emergencies.

After this experience the college boys at the University and the city residents will not be surprised to see a submarine towed through the streets on a motor truck.



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1917.

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## Good Current News Articles

Christ Stamm, a mine worker of Hazelton, Pa., who in his youth was a coachman for Emperor William of Germany and later was in the crew of the flagship of Prince Henry of Prussia, bought a Liberty bond. Stamm is a naturalized American citizen, and says that everything must be done to win the war against Germany.

Twenty-five hundred dollars was the amount awarded W. F. McDonald of Eveleth, Minn., for injuries to his seven-year-old daughter, who a few years ago was shot in the eye by a dart from an arrow in the hands of Simon, the four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Sax of Eveleth. The plaintiff asked \$8,000.

Protest that the limitation of the supply of sugar to the manufacturers of candy, ice cream, soda water, syrups and other things upon which drug stores are largely dependent is likely to bankrupt a majority of the druggists of the United States was made to the Food Administration by E. C. Brokmeyer, counsel for the National Association of Retail Druggists, representing, he said, 50,000 druggists in the United States.

Cotton seed and corn have done more to keep down the cost of living in this country the past 25 years than any other factor, according to George W. Sovington, president of the Interstate Cotton Seed Crushers' Association. Corn makes up 65 per cent of our farm production, and in connection with cottonseed products, furnishes cheap fat, cheap forage, cheap protein, and cheap fiber for the production of meat; the feeding of horses and mules to furnish farm power; and also for human food in direct forms. An increased use of cottonseed meal by farmers for the feeding of live stock is urged, because this material is said to contain at least 36 per cent of protein, compared with 12 per cent in corn.

Shark fishing has evolved from a sport to an organized industry in the Pacific waters off the Southwestern coast. The skin of various species of the fish when tanned forms a tough, durable leather that is in considerable demand, and the oil that is extracted from the carcass likewise has commercial value, says Popular Mechanics. Of late a Japanese syndicate has undertaken the exploitation of this long-neglected field and, as a result, large numbers of sharks are being captured. The mottled skins of the tiger sharks are being made into slippers, belts, gloves and other articles, while those of the great blue and basking sharks, which are especially thick and strong, are used for purposes that demand long-lived material.

## Grins and Chuckles

Sunday School Teachers' Writings

"Mother," said little Evelyn, "may I go out to play with the other children now?" "You may play with the little girls, sweetheart, but not with the boys; the little boys are too rough." "But, mother," rejoined the little miss, "if I find a nice, smooth little boy, can I play with him?"

"But why does your father object to me?" demanded the humble suitor. "Because," explained the haughty beauty of proud lineage, "papa says his ancestors have always been gentlemen of leisure, and you have to work for a living." "Well, tell him I don't expect to after we are married," replied the humble suitor.

Being hampered by strict parents, Herbert's chief joy, up to the age of 8, had been the weekly prayer-meeting. When he arrived at that age of discretion a worldly-minded relative smuggled him off to a circus. Herbert came home bursting with enthusiasm. "Oh, mother," he cried, "if you once went to a circus you'd never go to a prayer-meeting again in all your life."

An enterprising drummer attempted to bribe an old Scotch merchant by offering him a box of cigars. "Na, na," said the old chap, shaking his head gravely "I canna' tak' 'em." "Nonsense," said the drummer. "If you have any conscientious scruples you may pay me a quarter for the box." "Well, well," said the old Scot, "I'll tak' two boxes."

Johnny's mother took him to a boy's furnishing store to select a new pair of knickerbockers. Johnny's eyes fell on this sign, which was painted on a card and attached to a pile of knee pants: "These can't be beaten." Johnny pointed to them, saying: "Get a pair of those for me, mamma, for I want to be proof against teacher's switch."



## THE BRIDGE-TENDER'S STORY.

By Horace Appleton

A portion of last summer I spent in the village of O——, New York State. During my stay in that place I made the acquaintance of an old man, named Ike Semple, who was a bridge-tender in the employ of the C. & M. railroad, which ran through the village.

The drawbridge, of which he had charge, was situated about a mile from O——, and spanned a narrow stream known as Darrel's Run. As vessels seldom passed the point, Semple's duties were not very arduous. But though sometimes an entire day passed without the necessity to open the draw occurring, it was necessary for the old man to be always at his post.

I used to spend many an hour with him in his little station beside the bridge. He was a very entertaining companion, being an excellent conversationalist, and exceptionally well-informed for a man in his condition.

One afternoon he told me a story of an adventure of his, which is, I think, well worth repeating. I will give it as nearly as possible in his own words.

I happened to remark that I should think that the quiet, uneventful life which he led would be extremely irksome to a man so many years of whose life had been spent in business in the city.

He replied as follows:

"Quiet? Well, yes, it is so at present, but I've seen as stirring times here as anywhere. My life in this place is not always as lazy as it has been lately. I've met with several adventures since I've been here, as tight scrapes as any man would care to be in. Take for instance, my adventure with the train-wreckers last fall. I told you about that, I believe? No? Well, then, I will.

"It was about half-past eight o'clock one night last November. It was raining furiously, and blowing a hurricane. I was seated by my fire, reading.

"Suddenly I heard the sound of low voices outside. I at once arose and stepped to the door. As I opened it I received a heavy blow upon the head which felled me to the ground.

"Although I saw stars for a moment I was not rendered insensible, and I quickly sprang to my feet, only to be grasped in the arms of a burly ruffian. The light which shone through the open door revealed his face to me. It was the face of a dark, black-bearded fellow, whose every feature bore the imprint of a vicious and depraved nature.

"I struggled violently with him, and succeeded in giving him a pretty severe blow over the right eye. He weakened, and a moment later I should have been free, but at this point another man suddenly appeared upon the scene and also sprang upon me.

"I was no match for the two, and they soon had me tied hand and foot and lying upon the floor of my room, here.

"Now, then, Bill," said the fellow whom I had hurt, 'go out and open the draw. I'll see to this chap.'

"For goodness sake," I cried, a terrible thought suddenly occurring to me, 'don't open the draw. The express train from C—— is due in fifteen minutes.'

"Just so," responded one of the men, with a grin; 'that's precisely why we intend to open it.'

"You don't mean to say," I fairly shrieked, 'that you intend to wreck the train!'

"You're mighty good at guessing, my friend," said the fellow who bent over me—his companion had left the room; 'that's just exactly what we do intend.'

"He examined the knots of the ropes which bound me, and assured himself that they were secure.

"Another thing which we intend to do which perhaps hasn't occurred to you," he resumed, 'is to fasten you down to the track so that the express train, just before it plunges into Darrel's Run, will pass over your body. Sorry to have to do it, you know, but it wouldn't do to leave you to give us away.'

"At that terrible moment I thought not of myself, but of the three hundred human beings whom the doomed train was rapidly bearing on to the death-trap.

"I doubted not for an instant that he would execute his threat. I believed that I was a doomed man. This is, as you know, a lonely spot; there is not a house within a quarter of a mile, no one passes here at night, and the highway is beyond earshot.

"I could have pleaded for mercy with the scoundrel had I not realized how utterly unavailing my words would be to move him.

"His associate re-entered the room, saying:

"It's all ready, Jack.'

"All right. Lend me a hand here, will you?"

"The two villains lifted me upon their shoulders and bore me out into the night.

"They fastened me to the track just beyond that big rock yonder.

"The train will be here in just five minutes," hissed one of them in my ear. 'Make the best of the time remaining to you by saying your prayers.'

"They left me and turned their steps in the direction of the house.

"I at once began trying to free myself with the desperation born of my perilous position. The ropes which bound me were stout, and resisted my frantic efforts.

"I am not a weak man physically, and I exerted every muscle, but in vain.

"Suddenly I heard the distant shriek of the locomotive. In two minutes it would be upon me.

"I can give you no idea of the horror of that moment. Its memory will never be effaced until my dying day.

"The cold perspiration stood upon my forehead. I uttered groans of agony, I endeavored to murmur a prayer to Heaven, but the words died upon my lips.



"Nearer and nearer came the train, the rumble of the iron wheels growing momentarily louder.

"Again the shrill whistle sounded upon the air, this time with startling distinctness.

"Setting my teeth together, and drawing a long breath, I made one more effort to burst my bonds. I exerted all my strength, the rope snapped, my right arm was free. It was but the work of an instant to draw my knife and sever the ropes.

"As I arose to my feet, the whistle of the locomotive sounded, loud and shrill, as the train rounded Rocky Point just above.

"My blood ran cold with horror. Could I not save the train?

"To reach the bridge I must pass the station, in which were seated the two men. Besides, I knew that even should I succeed in reaching it, the train would be upon me before I could replace the rusty old draw.

"But one chance remained, and I did not neglect it. I rushed to the station, seized my red lantern, which hung by the door just where you see it now, and retraced my steps without having alarmed the two ruffians.

"I lighted the lantern, and then ran up the road at the top of my speed. As I turned yonder curve I saw the headlight of the train about a quarter of a mile distant. On I ran, waving the lantern above my head, and on came the train with a rush like a whirlwind.

"Suddenly I heard the sound of loud voices behind me. The wreckers had discovered my escape. A moment later I received a blow upon the head which felled me to the ground, insensible.

"When I recovered my consciousness, I found myself lying in this room, and Dan Sewell, the conductor of the express train, bending over me.

"I immediately rose to my feet, gasping:

"The train—is it——"

"It is safe, Ike," replied Dan, "for goodness sake, what does all this mean?"

"I staggered to the door, and saw the train had stopped on the very edge of the draw. The passengers were clustered around the station, eagerly awaiting an explanation of the mystery.

"In a few words I related what had occurred, and—well, I won't tell you all the compliments I received. The most substantial one came in the shape of a purse containing five hundred dollars, which the passengers made up on the spot, and fairly forced me to take it.

"The next day the company doubled the sum, and sent me a very complimentary letter with the check."

### ODD WAR INVENTIONS.

Talents of inventive persons in the warring European countries, especially the Central Powers, are being taxed to provide substitutes for the necessities that have become scarce. Not only in foodstuffs are makeshifts being turned out, but in other lines the

economic situation has forced changes that were unthought of before the war began.

New departures being made include a long list of articles made of paper, some of which promise to outlast the war because they are serviceable and cheaper than things they have displaced. Paper yarn, at first used with other materials, is now used independently.

Paper tubes used for illuminating gas are said to stand an internal pressure three or four times as great as lead. Paper tubes for carrying oil have been found serviceable, being protected from the oil by artificial resin, another war-time product. Paper pipes as small as 3-16-inch in diameter are in use. For carrying water they have not been found efficient, but experiments are being made to discover a method of waterproofing them.

A new fuel for crude oil engines is being turned out in Europe by mixing crude oil with certain organic compounds. All the constituents are said to be combustible.

A magnetic hand that opens the doors of many industrial shops to soldiers who have returned from the front minus an arm is proving successful. The attachment to the arm or shoulder ends in a cup which encloses an electro-magnet. The electric circuit is opened or closed with the aid of the other hand or the chin. The hand can also be provided with fingers and a thumb, to be opened or closed separately.

Hungarian state railways are now lighting their cars with natural gas from wells near Torda. Hungary, a new invention having been resorted to for the compression process. The exploitation of the gas fields has been extensive and residences and manufactories in Torda are using the fuel. Plans are under way for piping the gas to Budapest, 300 miles distant.

Gas driven motor omnibuses are now being used in England. A large gas bag on the roof of the bus holds a supply that carries the vehicle ten or fifteen miles. Buses run from London fifty miles out, stops being made at charging station for new gas supply. Gas pipes are extended to the main road at the charging stations, thus allowing the filling of the supply bags in a short time.

Others have adopted a process for extracting the bitter elements from horse chestnuts, which are being made into meal and eaten by humans and live stock. Acorns are also being largely used for food. Scarcity of pins has compelled the use of thorns to a large extent by women.

Germany's food triumph is pea sausage, made of pea meal, bacon and fat. A Berlin cook discovered a method of making pea meal proof against deterioration, and one of the sausages, eight inches long, is said to yield twelve plates of nutritious soup.

Bread containing 10 per cent. of potatoes mixed with government regulation flour now turned out in England is said to be excellent. Peas are reported that the leaves are perfectly fresh and moist forty-eight hours after baking.



# THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

## PASTOR LIVES IN CHURCH

Even the churches at Junction City, Kan., are being used in the emergency created by the "boom" resulting from the establishment of Camp Funston.

The Rev. James Houghton of the Universalist Church, forced out of his residence by the sale of the property, sought in vain for another house and finally hit upon the scheme of using the social rooms of the church for his residence.

Four thousand dollars has been raised for the construction of a parsonage to be built in the rear of the church and work is to be started soon.

## FEAR OF BURIAL ALIVE SHOWN IN WOMAN'S WILL

"As I die a member of the Roman Catholic Church, if the permission of the church can be obtained, I wish my body to be cremated. If this cannot be done, I request that it be opened in such a way as to prevent my being buried alive and that quicklime be thrown on it so as to consume it quickly, and that my ashes be placed near the graves of my children."

This strange provision as to the disposal of her body is contained in the will of Mrs. Maria L. Thompson, who died in Florence, Italy, recently. The will and a codicil were filed the other day.

## THEY SUE TO DROP "GERMAN"

The German-American Insurance Company and the German Alliance Insurance Company have filed in the Supreme Court applications for the privilege of changing their names, the former to the Great American Insurance Company and the latter to the American Alliance Insurance Company.

C. J. White, president of both companies, explains in his petition that war conditions caused the decision to change names if court approval can be obtained for such procedure. The assertion also is made that the personnel of directors and stockholders has changed until less than 7 per cent of the issued capital is listed under German names.

## LIMESTONE DEPOSITS IN BERMUDA

It is understood that the quality of the lime made from the Bermuda limestone is very good and that the supply of limestone in the colony is practically inexhaustible. It is said to be quite soft before being exposed to the air, and is therefore easily crushed preparatory to burning. There are places in the colony where large quantities of limestone may be obtained.

An industry of the kind might be profitably worked in connection with shipping. If the producers of the lime owned and operated an auxiliary

schóoner or two, for example, they could not only transport their own product to the most available markets, but could easily obtain general cargoes for the return trips to Bermuda.

## FINDS BIG EGG

When J. T. Watson of No. 1724 West Forty-first Drive, Los Angeles, Cal., heard a great chorus of cackling in his chicken yard he figured that his chickens had fixed up another fresh egg for his breakfast and he went out to investigate.

He reached into the nest for the egg and could hardly get his hand around it. He pulled it out of the nest and then started looking for footprints of the ostrich in his chicken yard, for the egg was the largest he had ever seen.

No ostrich or ostrich tracks could be found, so Watson arrived at the conclusion that one of his hens had hit another blow at the high cost of living.

The egg weighed four and one-quarter ounces and was six and one-half inches in circumference and nine inches in lengthwise circumference.

## A SPIDER'S BRIDGE

There is a great deal of clever thought in the head of a spider. Here is a story of how a naturalist once caught one in his garden, and brought it into the house to put its cleverness to the test, told in "What To Do."

First he took a basin and fixed a tall stick in it, so as to stand upright steadily. Then he filled the basin with water. On the top of this tiny flag-staff he put the spider—a regular Robinson Crusoe stranded on a desert island. Then the naturalist watched to see if the insect would hit on a plan for getting away.

The spider was very much perplexed. He scampered down the pole to the water, stuck out a foot, got it wet, shook it as a cat does, and ran back to the top. A second time he went down and made sure that the water lay all around the stick. Having satisfied himself that no way of escape lay there, he returned to the masthead.

Presently a sudden thought seemed to strike him. He held up one foot, then another, and fidgeted about for a bit. What was he doing? He was feeling whether there was enough wind moving in the room to float one of his silken clues as far as the edge of the basin.

There evidently was. So he began, in true spider fashion, to spin the web out of his own body, and let every breath of air float it out farther and farther toward the mainland.

At last the end of the sticky thread caught. He drew it tight, and then, like a clever gymnast, ran safely ashore.



## ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

### SAYS HE WAS PAID TO WED

A sensational suit brought by Elder Figella against his father-in-law, Ervedia Figella, was tried recently in the Blair County Court, Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania.

The plaintiff declared on the witness stand that the defendant had agreed to give him the choice of two lots of ground or \$200 in cash if he would marry his daughter. He accepted the proposition and married the girl. The father-in-law then repudiated his agreement. Defendant told the jury that he had never made such a marriage promise and the jury found its verdict in his favor.

### A GAS COMPANY SAVES PETROLEUM

One Chicago gas company has been using 80,000,000 gallons of petroleum oil yearly in making illuminating gas. This is slightly more than the Navy's consumption of oil last year, the oil being used to enrich water gas. The company will now erect a new plant in which gas will be made from coal on the by-product principle, producing illuminating gas without the use of petroleum, yielding benzol, toluol, and other coal-tar derivatives, and also half a million tons of coke yearly for household consumption.

### SAVING THE LUBRICANTS

In asking its employees for careful use of lubricants and petroleum products, the Erie Railroad gives some figures which show what a margin exists for conservation in this line. Last year the Erie used a total of 3,621,300 gallons of petroleum products, including 611,000 gallons of lubricating oil, 120,300 gallons of signal oil, 2,500,000 gallons of fuel oil, 160,000 gallons of kerosene, and 200,000 gallons of gasoline. It would not be possible to operate a railroad without oil. It is used on engines, cars, switch targets, rails, and in shops and buildings, both as a lubricant and as fuel. One of the greatest opportunities for conservation in this matter lies in the judicious use of the proper kind of petroleum oil or grease for each industrial purpose, according to A. J. Callaghan, of the American Oil Corporation. During the past few years there has been a great advance in the development of scientific lubricants. The use of proper kinds, and also of good quality, not only reduces the amount needed for a given purpose, but effects economies in power, production, outlay, and the wear and tear on machinery.

### NEVADA HAS CROOKEDDEST RIVER.

Asia Minor has its River Meander, South America its River of Doubt, and now Nevada comes to the fore with the Humboldt River—for its width and length the crookedest river in the world.

The Humboldt flows southeasterly through the central part of Nevada, wending its devious and irrational way over desert sands from a place whose origin is not yet charted, to end itself suicidally in a huge hole in the desert. The Nevada natives know it by various names, among them the "Locoed" River, and with good reason, for the erratic stream turns, twists and corkscrews its path in a manner beyond comprehension or explanation. At one place in its flow, between points two and a half miles apart, it pursues a tortuous existence of eight miles, during which its course is alternately north twenty-five times, east eighteen times, south thirty times, and west forty-one times.

Every time it takes one of these radical twists it seems to try to run back and touch itself; at thirty-three different points it is within 150 feet of itself, or less. And at all these points it presents the spectacle of the same river flowing in opposite directions 150 feet apart. The Southern Pacific Railroad crosses it twenty-eight times.

### WORKED AS A MAN, FOOLED 3,000 MEN

Florence Kelly, twenty years old, who for five weeks worked as a boy among 3,000 men at Camp Stuart, Newport News, without her sex being discovered, is dead—a heroine in her patriotic enthusiasm.

Florence came to Newport News in August from Tennessee. She had long, thick hair and was attractive. She is said to have followed her brother and sweetheart, who had left home to go to France in Pershing's army. She wanted to go too, to be near them. She wanted to fight the enemy and take her chances with the soldiers.

When she arrived in Newport News she did not find it any easier to get to France. She was told that great bodies of soldiers would assemble at Camp Stuart and she might be able to get away with them.

She cut off her hair, donned men's clothes and applied for a job as water boy at the camp, where several thousand workmen were building structures for the troops.

She got the job and had her wages raised in three weeks. She was receiving \$2 a day when she met with an accident that caused her death.

Then Florence Kelly's hair was found in an oil stove where she had thrown it when she first cut off the long tresses. There were a lot of feminine trinkets and several books about what can be accomplished by women if they work hard to develop their minds and bodies.

In one book in the girl's room was a torn page that said women do not make as good fighters as men because they eat dainty food and do not try to make their minds capable of doing hard work.



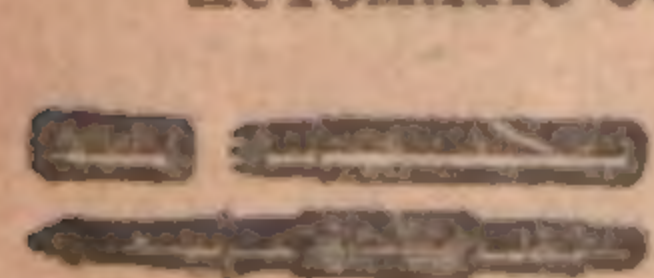
**MYSTERIOUS PLATE LIFTER.**

Made of fine rubber, with bulb on one end and inflator at other. Place it under a table cover, under plate or glass, and bulb is pressed underneath, object rises mysteriously; 40 inches long. Price 25c., postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

**THE ELK HEAD PUZZLE.**

Just out and one of the most fascinating puzzles on the market. The stunt is to separate the antlers and rejoin them. It looks easy, but try it and you will admit that it is without exception the best puzzle you have ever seen. You can't leave it alone. Made of silvered metal. Price 12c.; 3 for 30c., sent by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

**AUTOMATIC COPYING PENCIL.**

The importance of carrying a good reliable pencil need not be dwelt upon here. It is an absolute necessity with us all. The holder of this pencil is beautifully slacked with grooved box-wood handle, giving a firm grip in writing; the pencil automatically supplies the lead as needed while a box of these long leads are given with each pencil. The writing of this pencil is indelible in the same as ink, and thus can be used in writing letters, addressing envelopes, etc. Bills of account or invoices made out with this pencil can be copied the same as if copy-ink was used. It is the handiest pencil on the market; you do not require a knife to keep it sharp; it is ever ready, ever safe, and just the thing to carry.

Price of pencil, with box of leads complete, only 12c.; 3 for 35c.; one dozen 90c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

**SNAPPER CIGAR.**

The real thing for the cigar grafter. If you smoke you must have met him. He sees a few choice cigars in your pocket and makes no bones about asking you for one. You are all prepared for him this time. How? Take one of these cigars snap-time. (which is so much like a real cigar you are liable to smoke it yourself by mistake). Bend the spring back towards the lighted end, and as you offer the cigar let go the spring and the victim gets a sharp, stinging snap on the fingers. A sure cure for grafters. Price, by mail, ten cents each, postpaid, or three for 25c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

**SECOR SPARKLER.**

Hold discs in each hand and twist the strings by swinging the toy around and around about 30 times. Then move the hands apart, pulling on the discs and causing the strings to untwist. This will rotate the wheel and cause the sparks to fly. The continued rotation of the wheel will again twist the strings. When this twisting commences slacken the strings slightly until they are full twisted, then pull.

Price 25 cts. each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

**BINGO.**

It is a little metal box. It looks very innocent, but is supplied with an ingenious mechanism which shoots off a harmless cap when it is opened. You can have more fun than a circus with this new trick. Place the BINGO in or under any other article and it will go off when the article is opened or removed. It can be used as a funny joke by being placed in a purse, cigarette box, or between the leaves of a magazine; also, under any movable article, such as a book, tray, dish, etc. The BINGO can also be used as a burglar alarm, as a theft preventer by being placed in a drawer, money till, or under a door or window or under any article that would be moved or disturbed should a theft be attempted. Price, 15c. each by mail, postpaid.

Frank Smith, 383 Lenox Ave., New York.



**MAGIC CARD BOX.**—A very cleverly made box of exchanging or vanishing cards. In fact, any number of tricks of this character can be performed by it. A very necessary magical accessory. Price, 15c.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

**WILLARD-JOHNSON PRIZE-FIGHT PUZZLE.**

Four strips of cardboard, each three inches by one and a half inches, showing Willard and Johnson in various absurd postures. The solution in the puzzle lies in so arranging the strips that they show Willard in the complete picture, the heavy-weight champion. Price, 10c., by mail, postpaid, with directions.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

**RUBBER TACKS.**

They come six in a box. A wonderful imitation of the real tack. Made of rubber. The box in which they come is the ordinary tack box. This is a great parlor entertainer and you can play a lot of tricks with the tacks. Place them in the palm of your hand, point upward. Then slap the other hand over the tacks and it will seem as if you are committing suicide. Or you can show the tacks and then put them in your mouth and chew them, making believe you have swallowed them. Your friends will think you are a magician. Then, again, you can exhibit the tacks and then quickly push one in your cheek or somebody else's cheek and they will shriek with fear. Absolutely harmless and a very practical and funny joke. Price, by mail, 10c. a box of six tacks; 3 for 25c., postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

**ELECTRIC CIGAR CASE.**

This handsome cigar case appears to be filled with fine cigars. If your friend smokes ask him to have a cigar with you. As he reaches out for one the cigars, like a flash, instantly disappear into the case entirely out of sight, greatly to his surprise and astonishment. You can beg his pardon and state you cigars left in the case. A slight pressure on sides of case causes the cigars to disappear as if by magic. By touching a wire at bottom of case the cigars instantly appear again in their proper position in the case. As real tobacco is used they are sure to deceive any one. It is one of the best practical jokes of the season. A novelty with which you can have lots of fun.

Price 35 cents, sent by parcel post, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., N. Y.

**DEVIL'S LOCK PUZZLE.**

Without exception, this is the hardest one of all. And yet, if you have the directions you can very easily do it. It consists of a ring passed through two links on shafts. The shanks of this puzzle are always in the way. Get one and learn how to take the ring off. Price 15c., by mail, postpaid, with directions.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

**\$ 2 to \$500 EACH** paid for hundreds of old Coins. Keep ALL money dated before 1895 and send Ten cents for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x7. It may mean your Fortune. CLARK COIN Co., Box 95, Le Roy, N. Y.

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The real western article, carried by the cowboys. It is made of fine leather, with a highly nickeled buckle. The holster contains a metal gun, of the same pattern as those used by all the most famous scouts. Any boy wearing one of these fobs will attract attention. It will give him an air of western romance. The prettiest and most serviceable watch fob ever made. Send for one to-day. Price 20 cents each by mail postpaid.

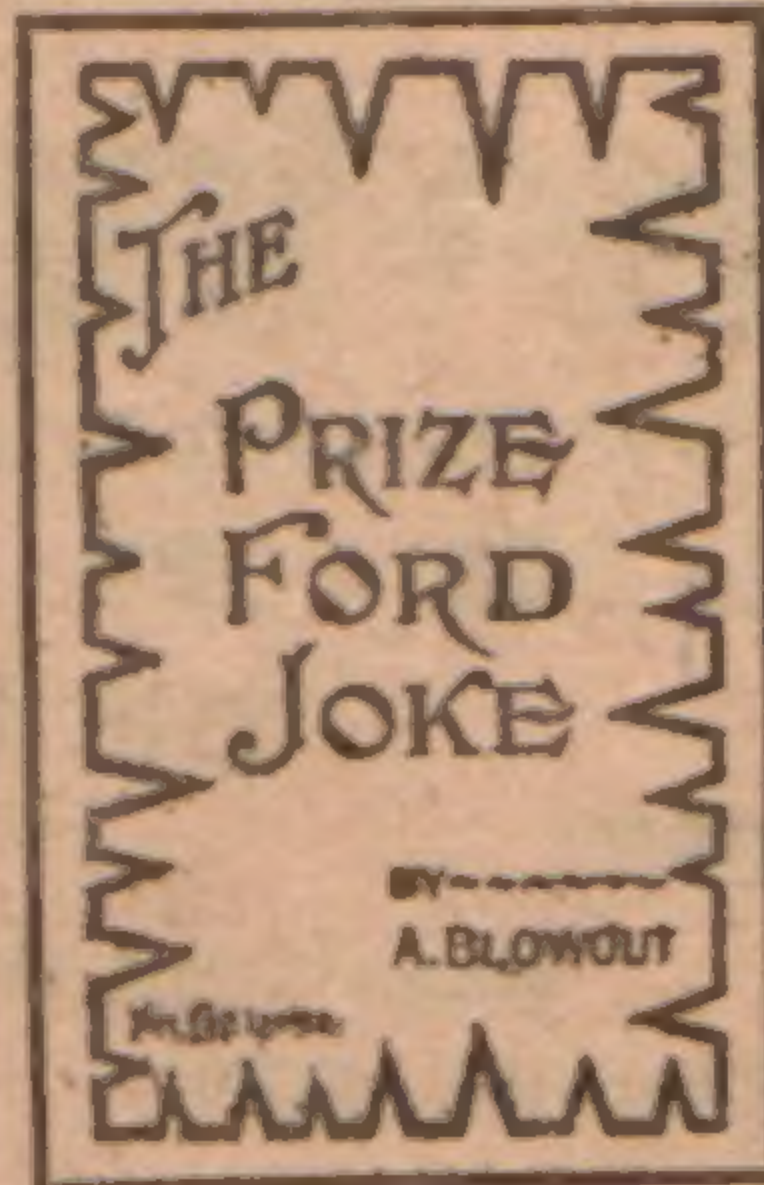
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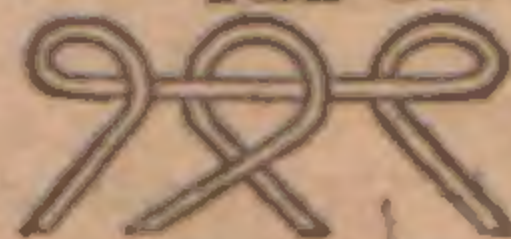
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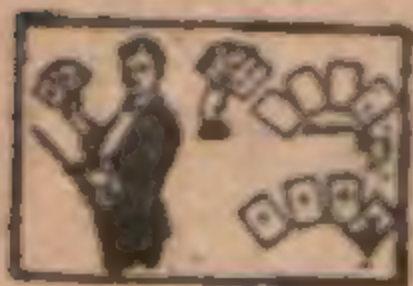
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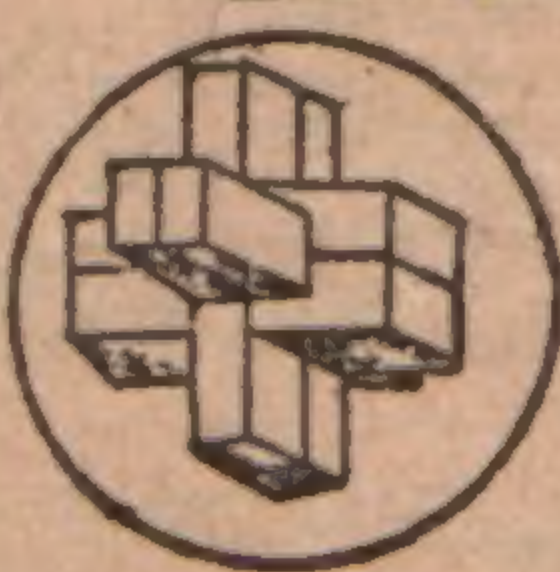
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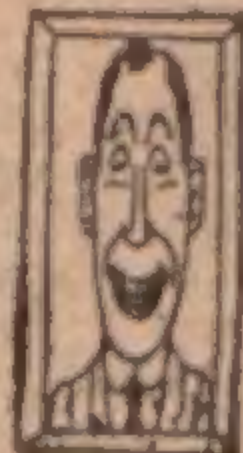
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